BRITANNIA and

Eve

JUNE, 1954
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BRITANNIA and Eve

VOL. 48. NO. 6

JUNE

1954

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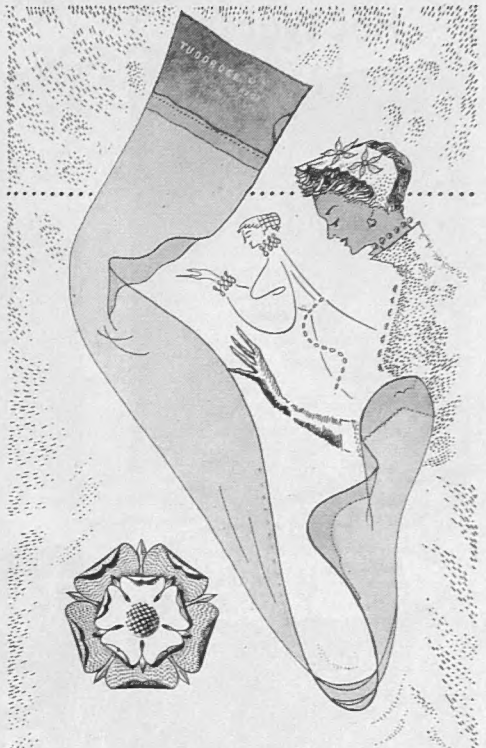

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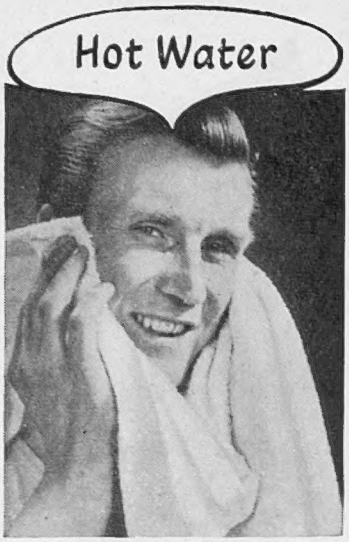

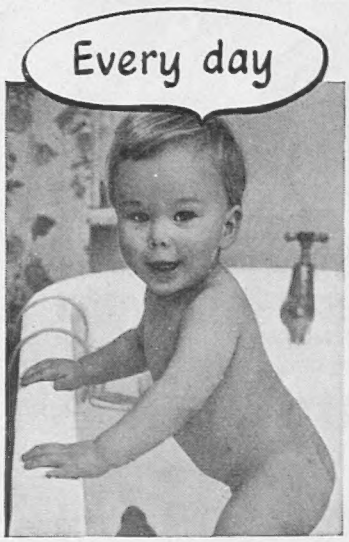

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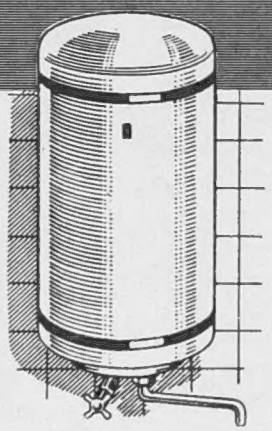

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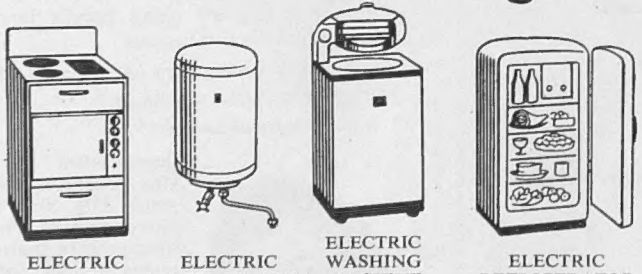

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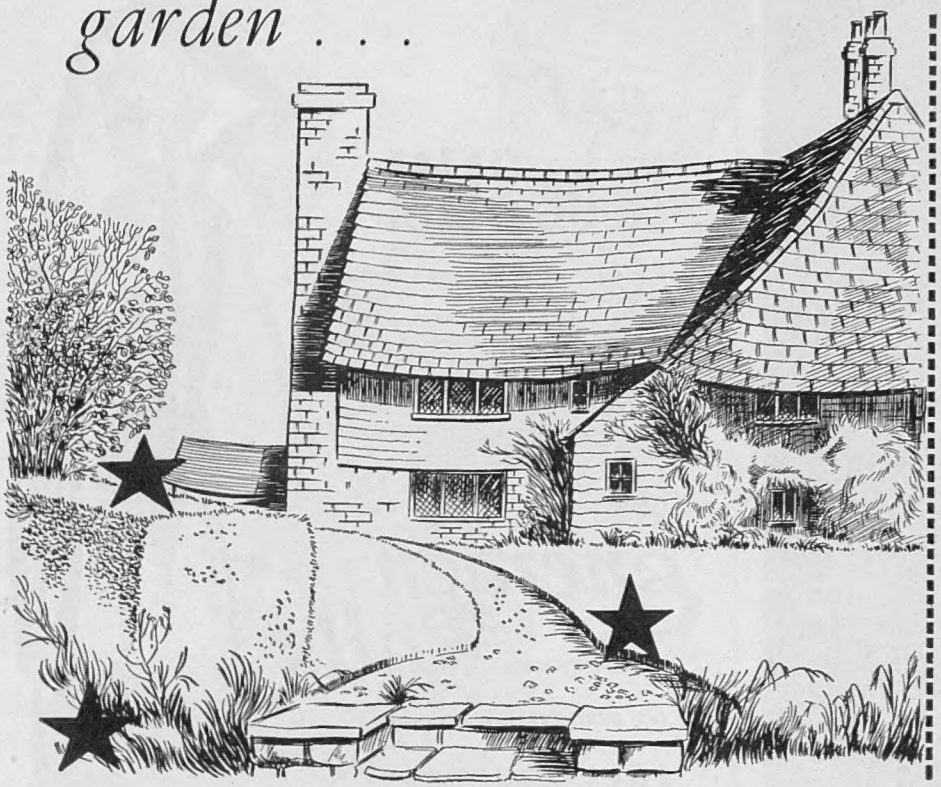

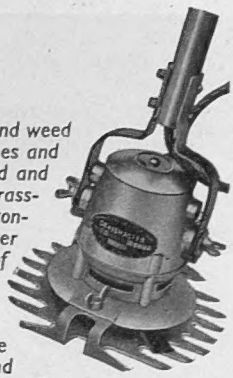

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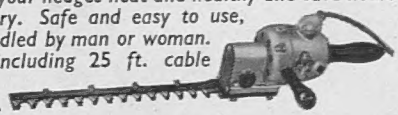

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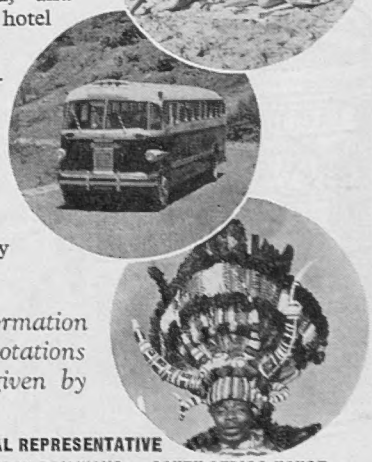

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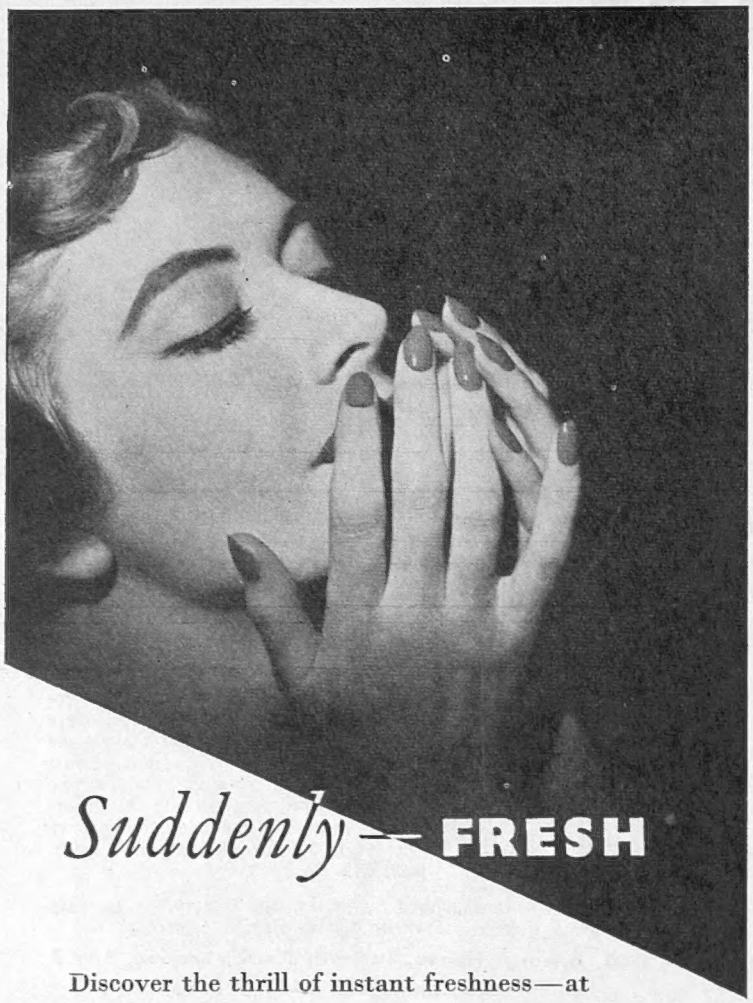

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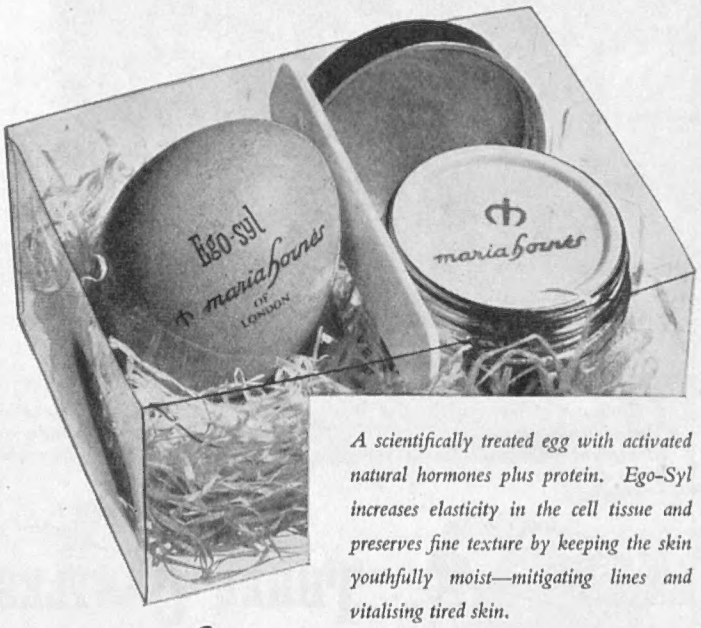

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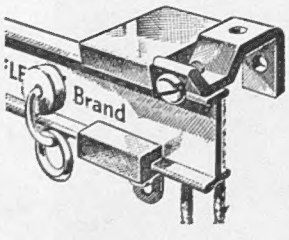

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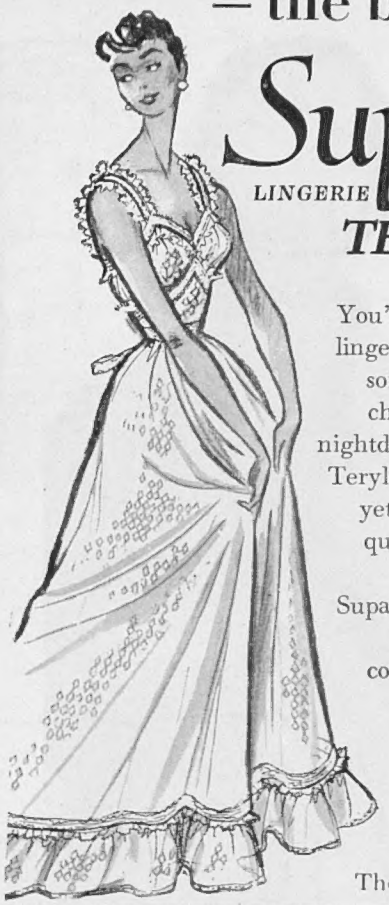

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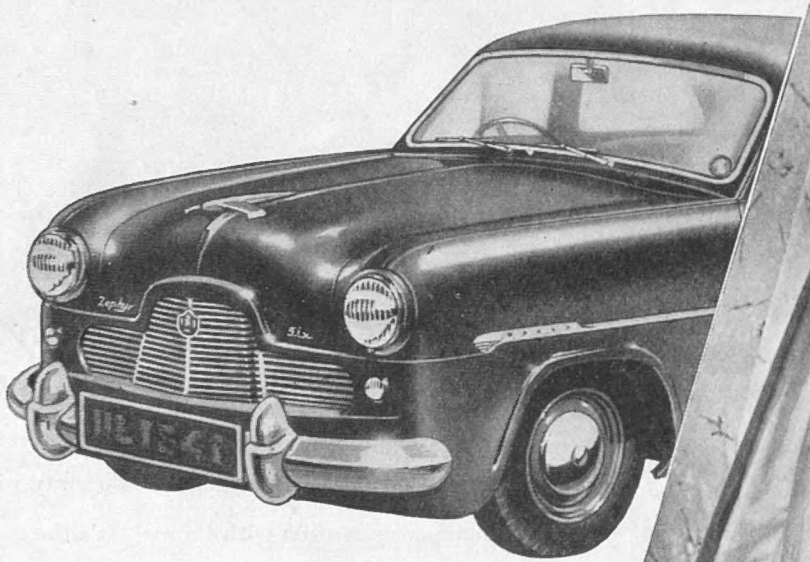

Zephyr 6

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Evening Dress and Coat by Ronald Paterson

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Enter a Handmaiden

"My dear," he said, "you 're a hat-rack, not a secretary"

How could she love a man who kept all his romance for his writing?

"GOT everything?" Spencer Paul spoke over his shoulder.

If I had, thought Meg wryly, you wouldn't look through me like that. Then aloud she said, "I think so," and snapped the lock of the document case.

They were at the back of the television studio where Spencer's play had just finished. For three hours he had been restive and quite irrational.

Still jumpy, he said, "I 'm finished with all this business, Meg. We started writing children's books and, by heavens, we can still go back to them! Come on!" His long legs carried him away so that she had to skip to catch him up. She heard him say, "We 'll go backstage for a moment," and she just managed to avoid the swinging door behind him.

There wasn't room to walk abreast in the corridor, so she followed meekly with her head bent, so that when Spencer stopped suddenly she crashed into him. When they were disentangled he glared down at her. "There 's Markham, just in front." He looked comically helpless. "Don't let him see us, Weasel!" Weasel was her nursery name, reserved for difficult occasions.

"You want a witch, not a secretary, Spencer."

At that moment Markham saw them. "Ah, there you are, Spencer." He was the producer. As they moved along the corridor together he went on. "The Drama Director just 'phoned me. He liked your play very much. Coming back to see the boys and girls?" Markham had once been a stage manager and the cast were always "boys and girls." When they 'd turned a

bend in the corridor he said, "We like your new play, too. We're trying it next week with a skeleton cast. Like you to come down in case there are any snags. Not that there will be. You seem to be the only writer completely at home in the medium."

Spencer still didn't say anything but he looked over his shoulder and shrugged with embarrassment for Meg to see. When they came to the dressing-rooms he said, "Writing for television is like working with inferior clay." He winked at Meg. "It's boring but it's good artistic discipline."

"Oh, damn you!" said Markham. He took Spencer's arm roughly. "Say something nice to Melanie, Spencer. She was good. I'll be back later. Things to see to."

When he'd gone Meg said, "You shouldn't talk like that, Spencer."

"I can't help it. They're all so horribly pompous."

The door of the first dressing-room was ajar, and as they went through it Melanie Michaels said "Darlings!"

Spencer grinned. "How d'e do." He went over to the dressing-table.

Hugo Mansell was leaning against it. "Couldn't you cut these things down a bit, Spencer?" He had already washed and changed.

"The sanctity of the written word . . ." Spencer said it with a smile.

Hugo's eyes went past Spencer and stayed on Meg. She looked coolly back at him. "How are you, Hugo?"

"Limp, my dear. These bloody lamps everywhere—I feel quite devitalised."

Spencer looked up. "It suits you, Hugo."

Melanie laughed. She watched Spencer with a face-tissue poised. "Was I all right, darling?"

"The same as usual." Spencer's lips twisted. "Melanie Michaels."

Melanie's face set. "Some people like it. If you . . ." Her voice became inaudible.

BEHIND her back Hugo crossed over to Meg. "Well, Squaw. I haven't seen you about."

"I haven't been about."

"Just sitting at home darning the great man's socks?"

Blast him, thought Meg, he knows. I suppose it's written all over me. "I like darning socks," she said evenly.

"Let me take you out to dinner for a change."

"No, thank you, Hugo."

Hugo's face became a little more hawk-like. "I advise it,"

Spencer fell back a pace and walked with his hand resting on her neck. "It allows me to be abstracted," he said

he said. "You 're withering. You should know by now that Spencer keeps all his romance for his plays. Women are just hat-racks to him. That 's all."

"Maybe I like being a hat-rack ? "

"One of those with a looking-glass, to show the great man his image . . ."

Meg caught the great man's eye in the looking-glass over Melanie's dressing-table, but his glance moved away restlessly, unnoticing. Hugo 's right, she thought ; I am a hat-rack. She turned to him suddenly. "All right, Hugo. Let 's have dinner."

"Wonderful ! " said Hugo. "I 'll pick you up at seven. Anywhere special ? "

"You choose." Having made her decision she didn't care whether it was Battersea Park or the Berkeley.

Hugo said : "You know, that play to-night had a touch of genius. Just a touch. I think Spencer 's making a name for himself."

"Made a name." Meg said it quickly.

"There 's a faithful squaw." Hugo pursed up his lips. "I don't mean popularity. I mean he 's making a name with the people who count. There 's a thread of philosophy in his work—romantic, of course, but definitely intellectual."

"Popularity 's more profitable. You should have been at the film premiere last week."

"I saw it on the newsreel, my dear. They caught you just behind Spencer, looking exactly like a cabbage."

"Thank you."

"An attractive cabbage . . ."

"Don't gild it, Hugo."

Spencer's voice interrupted them. "To the rescue, Meg. This woman is threatening me."

Melanie said : "Don't go, Spencer. We 'll talk about something interesting."

"No theatrical people are interesting, but you . . ."

"Yes ? " Melanie's eyes were bright in the glass. She was preened for a witty compliment.

"You," went on Spencer, "have that trace of coarseness peeping through which makes you real."

" Get out ! "

" Ready, Meg ? "

" Of course."

Hugo murmured, " Shouldn't you salute ? "

Meg went past him, and to show the dinner meant nothing, took Spencer's arm. " Quick march, Spencer."

It had rained during the afternoon and the air outside was cool and tar-scented. When they 'd left Marble Arch and were in the Park, Spencer fell back a pace and walked with his hand lightly resting on the nape of her neck. It was their usual fashion. (" It allows me to be abstracted," Spencer had once said. Meg had laughed bitterly. " The blind leading the blind . . ." Poor Weasel, you don't know the difference between a blind man and a man with his eyes closed.)

They traversed the Park without speaking and went down past the Artillery Memorial towards Belgravia. Meg said suddenly : " Hugo saw the premiere on the newsreel. He said I looked like a cabbage. I 'll send that hat back to Dorian."

" Which hat ? "

Meg bit her lip and was glad that Spencer was behind her. " The green one. The one I wore."

" Oh. I 'd forgotten."

They entered Chester Square. Before dropping his hand away, Spencer caressed her neck with a touch as light as gossamer. " My muses are clanking their chains. I must finish that thing for Pope's review. Come over about seven and we 'll eat."

" I 'm . . . I 'm going out to dinner."

" Are you ? " He turned to face her.

" Actually, Hugo asked me."

Spencer brushed the hair away from his eyes. " Wear the cabbage hat." He grinned sadly.

Meg looked away so that it shouldn't touch her. " Have you got something ? "

" I 'll open a tin." He looked up suddenly. " Did *you* like the play ? " His eyes were concerned.

He 's looking into the hat-rack mirror, thought Meg. He wants reassurance. Aloud she said : " You couldn't write anything bad, Spencer."

" Come off it, Weasel ! " His voice was urgent.

" Well . . . it wasn't as good as some of the others."

" They did it too slowly. The production . . ."

" You needn't have taken it out on Melanie."

" I am a swine sometimes, aren't I ? " He turned abruptly and started striding across the square.

" You 're a nice swine," called Meg anxiously.

" And you 're a nice Weasel." Spencer said it over his shoulder. His voice was friendly, but he didn't stop.

MEG wore a black frock and some chunky gilt jewellery which had come from Paris. She was shaking out her furs when the doorbell rang. She went to the front door humming. A messenger-boy offered her a pad and pencil and a slim package. She signed the pad against the doorpost and carried the package back into the bedroom. Hugo, apparently, was spreading himself. She stripped the tissue from it and lifted out the orchid, then she held it up, watching the light translucent through it. While she fumbled for the card in the open box the doorbell rang again.

Moving towards the door, she glanced at the card and then stopped dead. Spencer had written " For a pretty Weasel, *Tout à vous*, S." She stared at it until the letters wobbled and dissolved in her tears. " Damn—oh, damn ! " she muttered.

The doorbell rang again, this time a prolonged peal. She looked quickly at her reflection and patted her hair. Going down the passage she could see Hugo's elegant silhouette a shadow on the glass. She opened the door wide.

Hugo looked too stage-door for worlds in a black Homburg and a crimson-lined cape which billowed when he bowed. " You look divine, my dear." He hadn't really looked at her.

She led him through to the tiny sitting-room. Hugo posed again in the doorway. " Charming," he said. " Exquisite."

" Mix a drink, Hugo, while I finish getting ready. You 'll find things in the cabinet."

She went back to the bedroom and began to pin the orchid to her shoulder. Hugo called through to her. " What are you having, Meg ? "

(*Continued on page 62*)

She waited in the portico until the car was out of sight, then she looked across at Spencer's flat. The light was still burning

Perrot's Farm revisited

By KAY SMALLSHAW

The Way...and the Means

Six months in a new home is time enough to test the original installations and find the need for more

"COUNTRY air seems to suit you," a friend greeted me on my last visit to town. "How did you weather the winter out there? Did the trick heating work?"

With our little copse a glory of primroses and bluebells, winter seems long gone, but I was able to assure her that our battle with the builders to install the apparatus that *we* wanted when we were preparing our country home had paid off. The combined cooker and water heater in the kitchen—I admit now to a certain amount of secret misgiving about it at the start—has turned out a pet with the minimum of temperament.

A really responsive cooking stove does encourage the cook to do her stuff—or so this one finds. Even so, the garden at this time of year is a close rival to any new recipe, and I welcome my "baby electric cooker" in operation now until the autumn.

Say what you like, even smokeless fuels make dirt. Plunging the little extra for emulsion paint on walls and ceilings has proved worth while. They are so easy to wash.

An innovation that has paid dividends is the "glazing," the cost of which gave us some serious thought before we decided to "blow the cost." Fitting glass into the sitting-room door which gives access to the small vestibule inside the front door has given a nice feeling of spaciousness. Papering the vestibule wall opposite the sitting-room door so that it can be seen through the glass from inside the room creates the illusion of an ante-room yet avoids the need of stepping straight into the sitting-room from the front door.

Some more glazing has proved worthwhile in the kitchen, too. A small new window to give a glorious vista to the South Coast cost most. Inserting a large square of glass into the upper part of our kitchen "stable" door admitted more light and still more view at no great expense. Having sold ourselves completely on glazing we fitted glass panels into the upper doors of a large and rather unsightly kitchen cupboard. Now it makes a fine china cupboard with fresh-coloured paint to line it.

Floors in most old houses are a problem. Ours was no exception: six months of use have justified the means we used to overcome the difficulties.

Our kitchen floor, composed of large, square concrete paving-stones, had to remain, as the cost of laying composition tiles was too high for such a large area. For the first few weeks my feet suffered badly, but on a trip to London I found some large and handsome Dutch rush-mats about 6 ft. x 3 ft. for 45s. With these my feet are cushioned, and putting down the mats again after wet-mopping the floor keeps them in condition, as rushes *like* damp. They are gay in colour and the effect of them is very pleasing.

THE Glenmoor broadloom carpet fitted over the sitting-room and vestibule (it is in the picture above) saved us money in more ways than one. It is, of course, initially cheaper than woven carpet, but its special advantage is the ease with which it can be laid in a room of irregular shape like ours. In fact, we were able to fit it ourselves (*Continued on page* 64)

Living with Shyness

Illustrations

by

ELIZABETH SUTER

There is escape from the irrational fears of new people and new places which bedevil the shy. Here is the testimony of one who has found a measure of it

By URSULA BLOOM

SHYNESS is a ghost and one which haunts a number of people; it is disturbing in every movement that it makes, but it can be laid as a ghost and overcome. Never encourage it in your life, and there is a tendency to do this, one with which I am perhaps the worst sinner.

I was born shy. Reared in an isolated Cotswold village, I came into the teens with this disease for life. Realising what had happened, my family knew that it was already too late for a radical cure, but they did their best to adjust the cross that I was destined to carry; their efforts have made it far more bearable.

Shyness can be tackled. It is an emotional panic that responds to a dose of psychological assistance, and I have managed to conquer a considerable part of my trouble.

I was taught that my personal shyness embarrassed others, which is always an unfair thing to do. Panic came not because I was afraid of other people, but because at heart I was afraid of doing something silly, and my father taught me that the cure for that lay in relaxation.

"Composure is what you need," he said, in those first lessons on how to conquer the world's most trying complaint. "Drop your shoulders, never tense them. Take a deep breath to steady yourself, and when you speak, begin a tone lower than the one you usually employ."

These were practical assets; they became invaluable to me. I had not realised that I hunched my shoulders to face the ordeal, so depriving myself of composure; nor that shallow breathing made my whole body more unsteady, and my voice took on a desperate tendency to squeak.

My father also taught me how to face the complications of conversation when one is too self-conscious to talk, which is not easy. To some, small chatter comes so easily that my more complacent sisters will be amazed that the shy need tuition on how to talk. The gauche silence is a social *gaffe*. The abrupt answer rude, yet many of us use it to conceal the fact that we are hypersensitive. When shy, hand the conversation over to the other person. Ask them about themselves, for all of us are able to talk on that one absorbing subject. Hobbies? Home? Travel? Jobs? "Where did you spend your holiday last year?" "Where are you going this?" "Where do you live?" These are winners, and whilst the other person is telling you about herself, you get the chance to find your own tongue.

The compliment is the lucky charm to employ. "What a pretty hat!" is the sure-fire approach to any woman. It is, I have found, such a mistake to be afraid to congratulate and mention the thing that you admire, but few of us do this. Talk to a woman about her children, to a man about his job. Never be alarmed lest enquiry sounds over-curious, for isn't it better to acquire the reputation for being a "nosey parker" than one of being plain dumb?

Failing all else, be brave enough to follow my father's frank advice, and admit the truth. The first time I tried it I was eighteen, at a dance, and introduced to a dashing (and most certainly never shy) midshipman. Scarlet in the face, I admitted shyness as my besetting sin. He pushed a jug of hock cup towards me, saying, "Drink that up, my girl, and you 'll do fine! It 's a pity it isn't gin, but this is all these blighters provide."

That proved to be the best party of my life.

I admit that some people thaw me more readily than others, and I am drawn to them. I know that I cannot force personal feelings, and nowadays I leave those to whom I do not warm naturally, because the added barrier is too much. Also as I have grown older, I have learnt to realise that because I find some people interesting, this may also apply to me with them. It helps. The inferiority complex is the greatest hindrance of all; that shrinking away is vastly emphasised by the fear of drawing attention to oneself, so that to-day I encourage myself in the belief that I may be a little interesting to others, and this is a wonderful stimulant.

Perhaps my father's best advice was to speak to a stranger every day of my life, and make this a rule. The poor are the easiest, for they have no hard veneer through which one has to chip. A dog owner, a woman with a baby in the 'bus, or another tired with shopping, each provides their own central topic. I have found they are always friendly disposed if you give them the opportunity, and this gives any shy person a glow of confidence.

WHEN I started in Fleet Street, I found the porters and commissionaires charming to me, and always my friends. No one can stay shy with a really "matey" Cockney. They are the best ghost-layers of them all.

In one's social life I very much doubt if the radio and T.V. have helped the really shy. I find that they encourage me to lock the door on others, and loneliness begets loneliness. It is wiser to be out and about, even if one shrinks from it, but meeting others and becoming used to accepting them, is the real answer to the great human problem of having been born shy.

I could never join a social club because I should at once turn awkward, but a class wherein we all concentrated on some mutual interest is a very different thing. To learn a new language, take up some hobby, cookery, floristry, anything of that kind, simplifies it immediately. Or a club suggested by the local vicar, where one has actual work to do, cutting (*Continued on page* 64)

The instructions seemed simple: "Set up the Friend and leave it to perform its work . . ."

It whipped itself with a clang in the air, sprang back behind the drum I was holding, slapped me smartly on the nose, and then settled in coils on the lawn

The Revolving Gardener's Friend

By CLEDWYN HUGHES

Illustration by WETHERBEE

WE have a very thirsty garden. It is a curious side of local natural history that, although many millions of gallons of sea-water are thrust backwards and forwards by the pulse of the tides up and down our estuary, the garden needs watering from June till October. Curious, because each year the tides seem more and more determined to get into our garden, either under or over the sea-wall. It does seem all unreasonable; our raspberries and strawberries are growing on caked earth, while sea-water is aching to get at them. But, of course, it is the wrong sort of water.

Each winter my biceps dwindle a little; each summer they are renewed by the carriage of buckets of water from slow-running taps to wilting plants. And it really is very surprising just how much water is needed to keep a large rhododendron or hydrangea in the full bloom of its life. The local Horticultural Adviser had warned me that it is of no use putting just a bucket or two on these plants.

"Too little water doesn't penetrate," he said. "You have to put on a dozen buckets at least, or the roots will start pointing upwards."

I did as I was told. I had visions of white and brown roots thrusting up from the soil and taking the place of branches, while the true leaves and the delightful flowers buried themselves, ostrich-like, far from their master's sight.

Water has to be carried for other things besides the plants; the lily-pond, which each summer dries overnight to a layer of green slime on the concrete; the several small ponds which Janet, our little girl, is developing into a complicated irrigation system for the gardens of her doll's house.

(*Continued on page* 66)

A Story about a Marriage

By J. D. SCOTT

Illustrations by SAWYER

He told the truth and nothing but the truth, but he did not attempt to tell the whole truth . . .

THE two men kicked the snow off their boots, walked along the terrace, sat down, unzipped their smocks, took out cigarettes and began to smoke, all without speaking. They seemed a little stupefied with sunshine and mountain air and exhilaration of ski-ing. Then a waiter came and they ordered drinks and began to talk, lazily, with pauses.

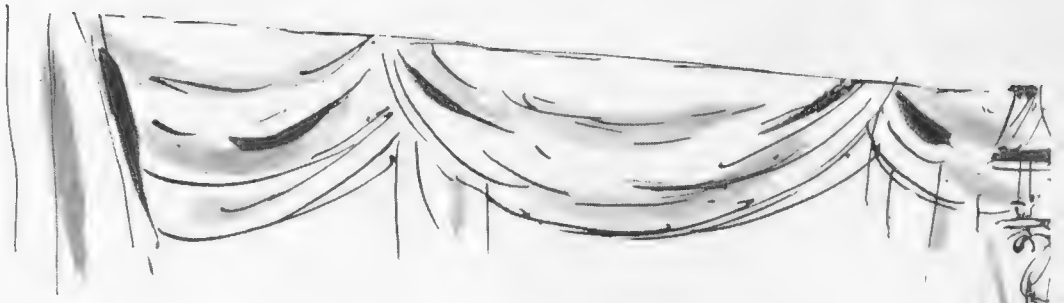
"Wonderful surface this morning." The man who spoke first was English; he was not young, but under his dark glasses and dark sunburn it was difficult to tell his age. He was a little over middle sized and lean and moved like a young man. Perhaps he was nearly fifty.

"Best we had. You know what—I feel like a kid about this holiday. At the end I'll have to be removed in tears." The second man was much younger, not thirty.

"You should get good ski-ing in Canada."

"I'll be working too hard. You know how it is." The pause lengthened out. Other people came on to the terrace and sat down and stretched like cats. The sun burned down from the immense blue above them. In front, across the ice-rink, people tumbled on the nursery slopes; above them small figures followed one another down one of the regular runs; higher still three dots wove their way one after the other, turning together, diving like aircraft down

Tierney rose to his feet. "Here's Melissa," he said. Don's wife came on to the terrace with Carl, the ski-ing instructor



the soaring alps. Then there were only the peaks brilliant against the profound dark azure.

"Don." The Englishman spoke again.

"Yes?"

"Did you ever go to the North West?"

"What, here? Of Switzerland?"

"No. Canada?"

"No. I never did."

"I want to go there." Frank Tierney was surprised to hear himself say this. It was as though the perfection of the day, swelling up inside him like a tide, had snapped some mooring. He had never told anyone this before. It was a private dream. An old dream dating from his boyhood, and perhaps childish. "I want to take the boys," he added, as though excusing himself. But the Canadian did not seem to think the idea odd.

"Why not?" he said. "A lot of people go, on hunting trips. Up the Mackenzie River and such." At this name a string deep in Tierney's being quivered delicately. "How old are your kids, Frank?—I meant to ask."

"Fourteen and eighteen."

"Just the age. Oh brother—would they love it! Why'nt you go, Frank?"

"I'm thinking of it. Next year, perhaps." The string vibrated again.

"Why not make it definite?"

"It costs a lot of money. We'd have to fly both ways to get it into Jack's school holidays." The Canadian sat up in his chair. He was tall and ash blond and had an eager expression.

"Now listen Frank—successful surgeons make an awful lot of money. Or else what am I working the way I do for? Don't you realize I have twenty years to go before I'm in your position—if I ever am?" Tierney smiled and rose to his feet. "Here's Melissa," he said. Don's wife came on to the terrace with Carl, the skiing instructor, who escorted her across to them, stood chatting for a moment, smilingly refused a drink, excused himself and left them.

"Just think he's *paid* to be here," said Melissa. She had a mane of hair and bags under her eyes which did not prevent her from being pretty. She breathed deeply, consciously.

"We were just talking about money," said Don. "Frank was saying he couldn't afford something. I don't know why the hell I'm trying to be a surgeon. Maybe I could've been a skiing instructor."

"Perhaps"—Tierney suddenly smiled—"you could be both, for one time at least. I mean be a surgeon and be paid to be here. In a curious way that's what's happened to me." His smile became broader. It was difficult to say whether it came from amusement, self-satisfaction, or perhaps simple happiness.

"Are you kidding?" Melissa looked at him suspiciously. She was never sure about him, about the English sense of humour. She was attracted by this Englishman, in whom she felt a power of animal spirits and energy under a surface urbanity. But she doubted if she would ever have got anywhere. Don had seen a photograph of his wife, Molly, and said she was beautiful. "Beautiful—and expensive."

The story which Tierney told his two young friends he told as an anecdote, to fill in an idle twenty minutes. He told the truth and nothing but the truth, but of course he did not even attempt to tell the whole truth. If he had gone a little nearer to telling the whole truth it would have been something like this.

Frank Tierney had started almost from nothing—although few people could have guessed this from his manner—and had made his success by brains and hard work, especially hard work. As a schoolboy, as a medical student, as a young surgeon working for his Fellowship, as a Captain in 1939, a Major in 1940, a Colonel in 1943, as a specialist with a growing reputation, he had habitually worked like a slave flogged to work by a ruthless overseer. He had worked like this—he did not deceive himself about it—mainly for money, for success.

In the end he had done it. The war had held him back, but when he was demobilized he started at last to make large sums of money. While he was still in the army he had pioneered a new operation, and a year later, when a foreign Royalty visiting London was taken ill in dramatic circumstances, Frank had performed this operation and appeared in the headlines and gossip columns. The prizes had come in thicker and faster, the Persian rugs and the Sheraton chairs, the hand-made high-fidelity radiogram, and the Bentley, that beautiful car on which his heart had long been set. More important was the house in Kent. It was where, eventually, they were going to retire to, and it wasn't completely done over yet. It was Molly's current preoccupation. And when Frank Tierney thought of his success he thought, with a satisfaction that was almost passionate, of his two sons, the elder about to go from Shrewsbury to Cambridge, the younger in his first year at Eton. And then there were the things he bought for Molly, her clothes, her furs, her diamond clasp and earrings. Tierney was happy to spend money upon his wife.

THEY had married very young. Molly's family had been hostile at first. She was beautiful; and as though that was not enough she had brains and ability and even some money. She could have done much better than a young doctor who was penniless and had no background.

"No background, none at all." It was Molly's mother who had said this.

"I shall be his background," said Molly. And she had been. Without her money Frank might not have gone through with the long years of ill-paid appointments that laid the foundation of a surgeon's career. Without her social contacts and grace and tact and shrewdness he would not have made the impression that he did. Without her encouragement, her eagerness, her patience, her humour, his ambition might have slacked. Her admiration was very important to him, and his hard-working life would have been lonely if she had not trained herself to share all his interests. And when money started coming in Frank was glad to give it to Molly and pleased that she, who loved to spend money, now had money to spend.

But they never had enough money. Never! The way that Tierney and his Molly lived drank money as a desert drinks water. Rent, servants, new furniture, school fees, insurance premiums. And even the smaller things—restaurant bills, drinks, dinner (*Continued on page* 66)

"Celebration?" said Don. "Darling," Molly laughed, "I've been deceiving you"

Dress and jacket in printed ottoman. A Koupy model, 25 gns. at Rosie Davis, Kensington; James Beattie, Wolverhampton

Your Summer Shopping

Our fashion expert condenses the news from London's department stores as a guide to shoppers on the search for holiday clothes

SHOPPING for summer outfits in London's West End calls for a cool head and a plan. The cool head is for keeping throughout the distractions of a bewildering choice of merchandise. The plan is to further ensure that the trip ends unencumbered by a pile of disrelated purchases. With so much to choose from, only the coolest head and the soundest plan can bypass trouble.

If summer frocks and accessories are the target they are more alluring, more diversified in style and fabric and probably prettier than at any time for years.

There are cottons—what a bewildering choice of designs and finishes—nylon, terylene, towelling, strawcloth, and ginghams. The latter looking glamorous enough never to have been on nodding terms with school frocks and kitchen curtains.

Nylon dresses—who doesn't want at least one to pack for holiday evenings?—throng the stores. Fresh and charming they are, too, but still rather pricey by comparison with cottons and the rayon synthetics. When will a good nylon dress cease to be a luxury?

Lace captures the honours for the prettiest summer evening and formal occasion dresses. Sometimes the lace is heavy in texture (guipure) and the dress sleek, sometimes delicate, weblike and prodigiously flounced as fine lace should be.

English summers, even good ones, call for a sweater wardrobe and all lovers of this basic standby will be glad to know that a series of woollies need no longer mean the same garment in a variety of colours. Though the "classic" and the twin-set go on for ever there is, this summer, a much wider choice of style, and attractive detail gives a new appeal to sweaters.

Accessorizing a summer wardrobe calls for still more careful integration of colours than before. Gloves, shoes, scarves and costume jewellry bloom like exotic flowers in every department store. The famous Ascher square scarves in cotton have matching gloves, while nylon, suède fabric and jersey gloves by other makers are gay and inexpensive enough to allow matched or contrasted sets with every outfit.

IT is smart to match your shoes with your dress colour this summer and quite possible. Peep-toes are out. New toe openings are bold and reveal most of the toes. The Queen was one of the first to wear this new revealing style on her Australian tour. The trend for soft, flexible shoes has spread from sandals to dressier styles. Many are unlined for extra coolness and flexibility.

Cotton which invaded the world of undies a year or two back has consolidated its victory and lingerie departments froth with entrancing underwear in fine cotton, flounced with anglaise and eyelet embroidery and threaded with ribbon. For cool, crisp enchantment they have the advantage every time over other sheers if we avert our eyes from the spectre of the ironing board, but must we always sacrifice to the easiest way?

Evening splendour—even at its most supreme—must be ready to face the daylight (at Glyndebourne, country balls, Continental hotels), and where silks and satins will look jaded, cotton is fresh and formal. Here Everglaze piqué is fashioned into a gown trembling with butterflies. White, not the prerogative of debs only : over it, a coat of luminous pink.
By Michael Sherard

Illustrations by RUTH FREEMAN

Your summer shopping . . . . .

Above: Breeze-proof separates for the spectator: Botany wool golfer and corded poplin skirt in white or Chinese rose. Sweater by Pringle, £4 19s. 6d. at Debenham & Freebody, London Rowntrees, Scarborough. Skirt by Hugo Manners, £3 5s. 9d. at Peter Robinson; Copland & Lye, Glasgow.
Right: For energetic play: black poplin top and hard-wearing denim jeans, gondolier-striped in black or red with white. Both by Louis London: Blouse, £1 10s. at Bentalls, Kingston; Copland & Lye, Glasgow: Jeans, £1 19s. 6d. at Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge; Rackhams, Birmingham

Left : This gay plage suit borrows its jerkin from a choirboy, lozenge-pattern from Harlequin, and pants from the pirates. Multi-coloured towelling jerkin would dress down to a swim-suit : velvet pants dress up to an evening blouse. 14 gns. the two from Harvey Nichols, London

New materials or traditional ? They run neck and neck when designed with equal imagination. Here are two swim-suits, both skilfully sculptured to make you look your best on the beach—*and* swim without a care.
Top : ' Kris-Kross ' in wool and lastex, woven horizontally.
Below : ' Chevron,' in Twysuave (nylon, rayon, cotton and rubber), cut as a sarong with white stripe. Both by Jantzen, ' Kris-Kross,' £3 5s. ; ' Chevron,' 5 gns. at Selfridges ; Eaden Lilley, Cambridge

Your summer shopping . . . . .

The imperative for sportswear—playability—is fulfilled here in tennis dress and shorts, both clean-cut for action: by Louis London, the dress in white rayon or piqué £2 17s. 6d. from Derry & Toms; Lillywhite Frowd, Birmingham: shorts and shirt, bi-coloured in navy and white drill, £1 19s., £2 5s. respectively from Lillywhites, London; Bon Marché, Liverpool. Beyond—for non-combatant occasions, an impeccably tailored summer suit, in chiffon-weight wool and pure silk mixture, jacket and skirt both lined. By Roter, 19½ gns. at Swan & Edgar; Jerimain, Worcester

Suave or frivolous—take your pick, for both moods are contemporary . . . *Left:* A Balenciaga-inspired tapered coat of whitewashed tweed lined red silk, over grey alpaca suit, pearl-buttoned. Both by Ian Meredith, the coat £14 at Marshall and Snelgrove; the suit 26 gns. at Galeries Lafayette. *Right:* Chekhovian dress in moiré cotton, grey, blue, pink or green, trimmed black velvet. By Schubette, £3 10s. at Penberthy, Oxford Street; McConvilles, Birmingham

Beads and bag—chalk-white for summer: drop ear-rings 10s. 6d., collar (enlivened with scarlet) 1 gn.; straw bag—delicate and glistening as snowflakes—£4 9s. 6d. All from Harvey Nichols

Shoes—slender and slanting: a balanced trio to make every occasion a walkover on even the most unpredictable holiday. *Above:* Graceful Paris-heeled sandal in red leather teamed with your own choice of fabric. 5½ gns. by Dolcis. Tapered Italian court, with subtly-shining stripes of woven cellophane. £5 15s. 6d. by Bective. *Right:* Low-heeled sandal in red denim. 19s. 11d. by Lotus

The finishing touches...

Balls and berries: diminutive witch-balls strung on a rope of green glass beads, 3 gns.; ear-rings to match, 15s. from Debenham & Freebody. Succulent-looking redcurrants: necklace, bracelet, ear-rings, £2 5s. the set from Harvey Nichols

The Queen herself wears fabric gloves . . . they go with cotton frocks, tailormades, ball gowns . . . they wash overnight, are cheap enough to be bought ad lib., fit—like a glove. Here are two from Pinkham's wonderful range: a cotton shortie in biscuit lined brown, 16s. 9d. at Fortnum & Mason; and a sheer nylon in flush pink, 12s. 6d. from all leading stores

Left: Chandelier jewellery from Italy—modern mobiles in a Renaissance pattern—light-catching 'rubies' and 'emeralds' set in chased gilt fans and bells. The fob £2 19s. 6d., the ear-rings £1 15s., from Debenham & Freebody

Cap it all...

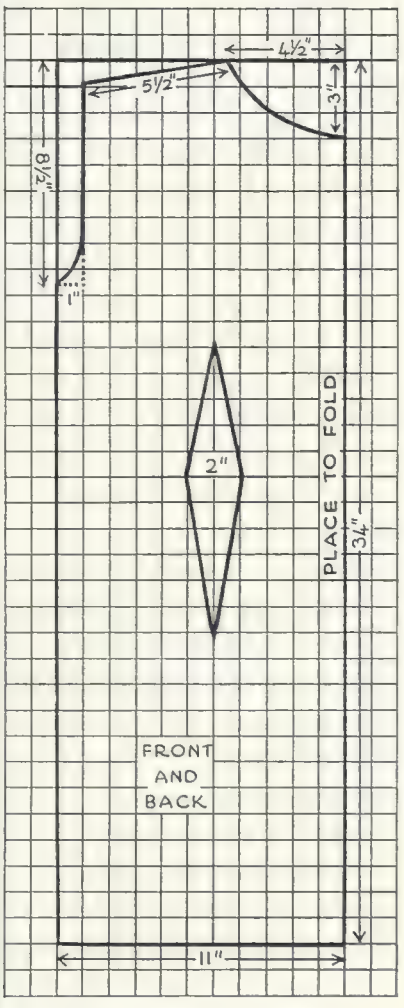
with a Victorian parasol—now joyfully reappearing, or a vast Mexican brim, or a cap—almost with bells: and wear fruit jewellery—it agrees with straw

If you are short, avoid the clamped-down mushroom effect of a big hat by holding up a parasol instead. This one, frilled and showerproof, is £3 1s. 6d. at D. H. Evans, who will also cover a frame with your own material for £1 18s. 6d., or make an umbrella case to match your dress (beyond) for 5s. (ready-made from 7s. 11d.). If you are tall, the huge brim is yours, here in black straw, £2 19s. 11d. Finally, for *gamines* only, a real madcap called Poncinello, £2 9s. 6d. Scattered about are minute oranges, lemons and apples in the shape of ear-rings, 1 gn., and a necklet, £1 12s. 6d. All from Harvey Nichols

Towelling used to be something you met with in the bathroom and nowhere else. It may have had coloured stripes at the edge, otherwise it was chastely white. Today you still meet it in the bathroom, but you also meet it in a host of other places including the beach, flaunting its attractive colouring and cosy texture with the assurance of much more costly fabrics

Tunics made from Osman towelling, the one above in stripes with white bobble fringe and the one below in cherry with black fringe

Tunics From Towelling



Use this diagram to cut out either of the tunics, adjusting length with your height

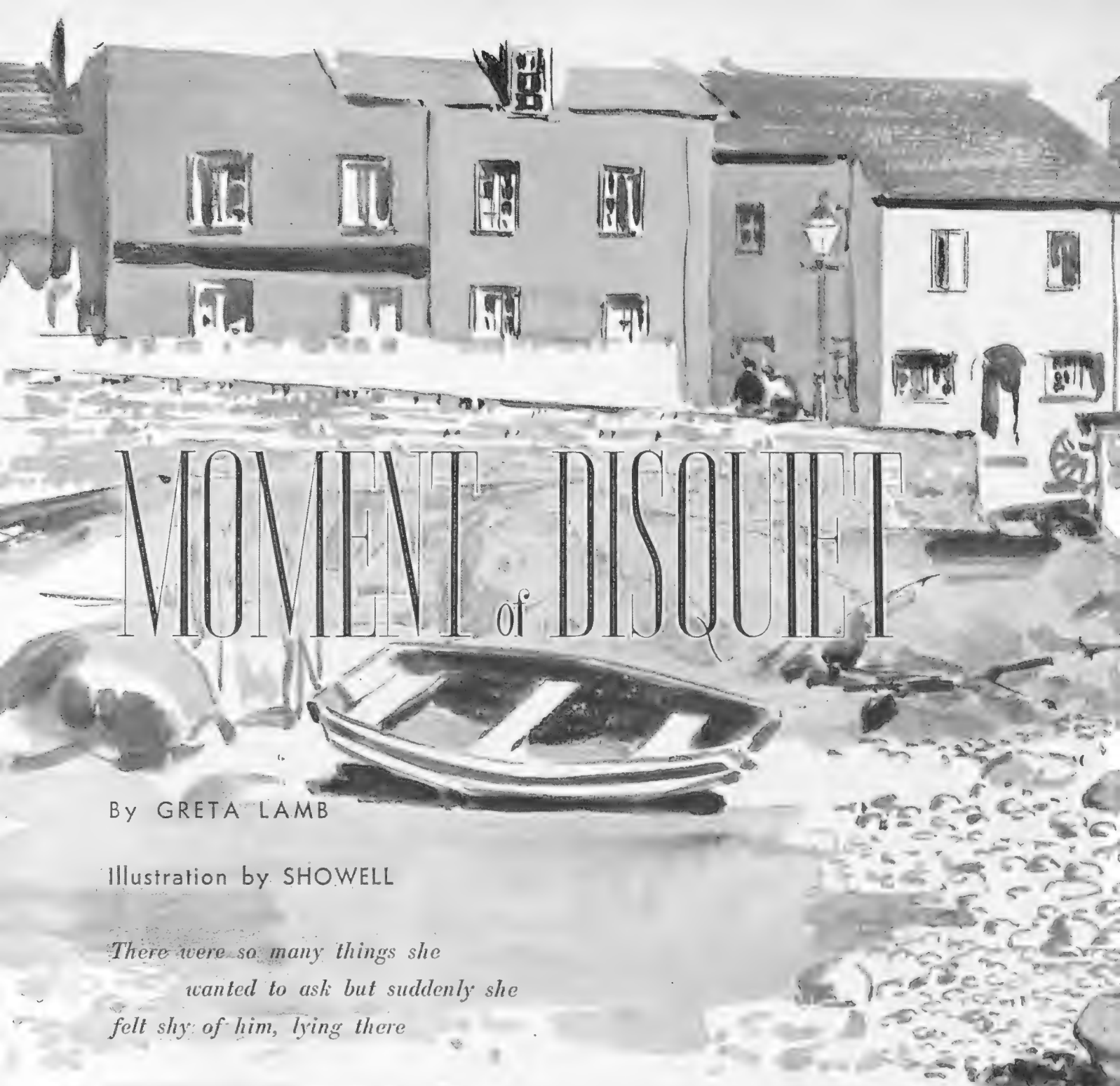
AN evening is enough to make either one of the beach tunics illustrated. You will need 2 yd. of 36-in. towelling in each case and some black fringe for the plain design and bobble fringe for the striped one.

The tunic in the lower picture is cut straight and drawn in with a webbing belt; the striped one is darted at the waist, but the diagram on the left will serve for cutting both.

Make a full-sized paper pattern from the diagram which is designed for a 36-in. bust. If you are tall it may be necessary to add something to the length of the tunic. Fold the towelling in half and place the pattern on it lengthwise, so that the centre front and back are parallel with the selvedges. Allow $\frac{5}{8}$-in. turning on all edges.

If you are making the darted tunic, fit the garment on and adjust the two front and back darts to an easy fit at the waistline. Tack and stitch them first, then cut them down the centre and press open flat. The sides are left open.

Join shoulder seams and make a narrow hem round neck and armholes and side edges. Alternatively, turn over the seam allowance and herringbone stitch on the wrong side. Add the fringe.



MOMENT of DISQUIET

By GRETA LAMB

Illustration by SHOWELL

There were so many things she wanted to ask but suddenly she felt shy of him, lying there

CHRISTINE ROSSITER was worried at the dearth of heroes. She already had Nelson, Wellington, Wingate, Montgomery and the Duke of Edinburgh safely pasted in her scrapbook album of heroes, but there had been no addition for quite three months, and she was determined to get one during the holidays.

As she jumped off the bus outside the Boar's Head she hitched her beach bag more securely over her shoulder. The bumpy bus ride from the hotel had made her feel vaguely sick, so soon after her lunch, so she decided she wouldn't bathe at once but sit under a breakwater and think about heroes.

It was pleasant to be out of school uniform now that the holidays had begun. Chris liked the feel of her old sandals without any socks, and the blue check cotton of her dress flipped coolly against her knees as she walked up the short hill by the Horse-bridge and turned into Sea Wall.

Twelve is usually a gregarious age, but Chris preferred the more deserted beaches of the old part of the town to the tripper surge of the crowded ones at the fashionable end.

She was always trying to get her father to buy a holiday cottage down here right on the beach, but he said they must live in Town to be near the hospital. She could never quite make out what he did at the hospital and had to be content with his version of himself as a sort of doctor. Other people called Graham Rossiter a psychiatrist. Chris would have liked her father for a hero but he didn't have the essential attribute : uniform.

The sun was beating down with its full midday strength when Chris turned down one of the small alleyways on to the beach. The search for a hero was still in her mind as she plodded over the large unwashed stones, then on to the smaller unkind ones that had been brightened by the ebbing tide. The water licked the small patches of sand embedded with stray mussel shells of darkest blue.

She humped her bag from her shoulder, put on her sun glasses and settled herself in the shelter of a high jetty. She pushed her short black hair behind her ears, was grateful for the strange new coolth it gave her. The sun danced on the water and made darting diamonds on the horizon. The whelkers were far out in their boats and an occasional outboard motor phutted by. Their backwash churned the still sea into waves that came in to lap the sand.

I've got to think of one more hero before I have my bathe. She was forever creating these mental bunkers to baulk any next (*Continued on page 72*)

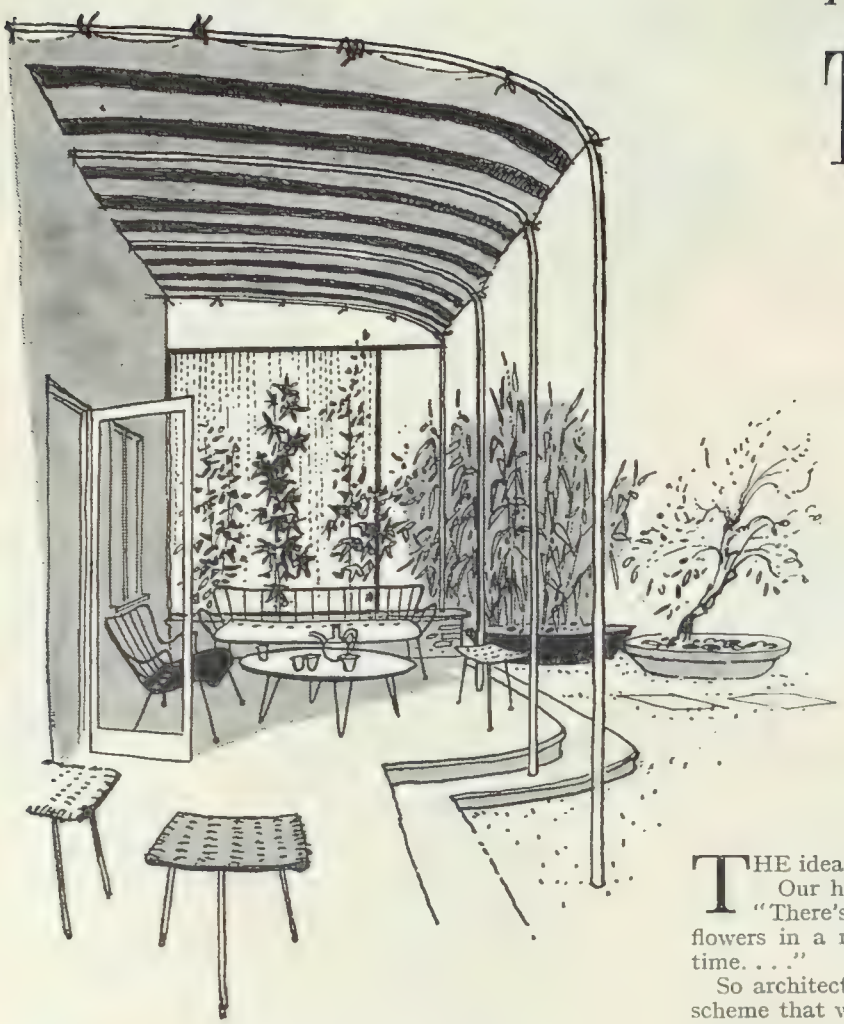
You have

The Sun in the Morning

. . . and the moon at night!

We all like the idea of "living out of doors." Here are ways and means of achieving the effect within the limits of the English climate

by NICHOLAS HARDING



Privacy and shade from sun and wind with a gay awning on bent steel poles and reeded glass screen at one side. Plants grow from retaining wall on stakes or wires. Canvas top is easily removable in the dark days to let in light

illustrations by

CARR LINFORD

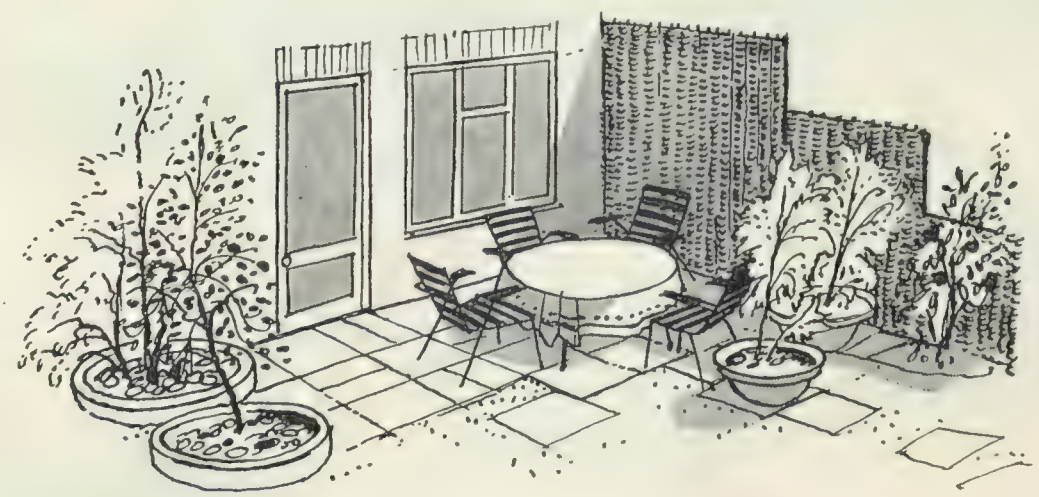
THE idea blossomed at a party.

Our hostess had filled the room with flowers. Said someone: "There's something so exhilarating as well as soothing about flowers in a room. It's a pity we can't have them with us *all* the time. . . ."

So architect-artist Carr Linford and I thought, "Why not devise a scheme that will create just this effect?" American houses are planned for "outdoor living"; could we see what could be done to an ordinary English house within the climatic limitations which make the American idea in its full implications a dream, alas, in England?

The first problem was to modify the living-room so that one had the effect of living all the time partially in the garden, without the draughts and wetness inseparable from any such attempt in fact. The room sketched above right was taken as the basis—a typical English living-room with semi-French windows opening on to the garden but, paradoxically, giving the impression of *shutting out* the garden. There are two essentials to getting the effect we wanted here—the window space should be, as far as possible, uninterrupted sheet glass, and the window should reach to floor level, so that one feels all the time that the room is part and parcel of the garden.

To replace a window such as this is not a tremendous, nor unduly expensive, task. First necessity is a steel girder across the width of the room at ceiling level, under which the new (*Continued on page 70*)



Simple and inexpensive way of creating a sheltered private spot in overlooked garden. Wattle screens break wind force, plants help screen area from other angles. Screens are easily movable if required and can quickly be dismantled completely and stowed away

Without being too extravagant you can achieve the "Californian sunshine" look in an orthodox English house. Alterations to a room of the type shown left are pictured below. Suggestions include floor-to-ceiling window giving the effect of bringing the garden indoors, fresh fireplace treatment and built-in flush ceiling lights

Humble though the materials, summer's jewellery achieves dash and vivacity. Multiple rows of beads embrace our necks, glass, metal and even Cellophane make play with colour. Jewellery by Harrods, Marshall and Snelgrove and Delia Sowerby

Jewels in the Scene

By Frances Mason

COSTUME jewellery is larger and more colourful than ever this summer. In the sparkling shop displays you will find English jewellery, some from France and a great deal from Italy which is fast becoming one of Europe's leading sources of original fashion design.

How good it is to find elegant and original jewellery at prices within reach of groaning budgets. There are brightly beaded necklaces to set off the fashionable décolletage; monster drop ear-rings and hoops glowing with colour to enhance and complement our outfits. Glass comes into its own—no longer a poor substitute for real gems, but with frank admission of its origin and as pretty as paint. Clear glass, opaque glass and vividly coloured glass make the grade in high fashion circles. Monsieur Dior himself has decreed it.

Multiple rows of beads around the neck, pendant drops in the ears, to alternate with flower posies of glass or fabric hardly distinguishable from real blossom, are recruited to accent the accessory note. Some of the smartest jewellery comes in black or sheer white, both highly effective with their opposites.

Centralized in the colour picture is a multiple bead necklace which signifies the dominant fashion note in costume jewellery this summer. Models at the Christian Dior collection in Paris this spring wore many beaded strings like this one, or long ones wound several times about the neck—1920 fashion—as in the picture above here.

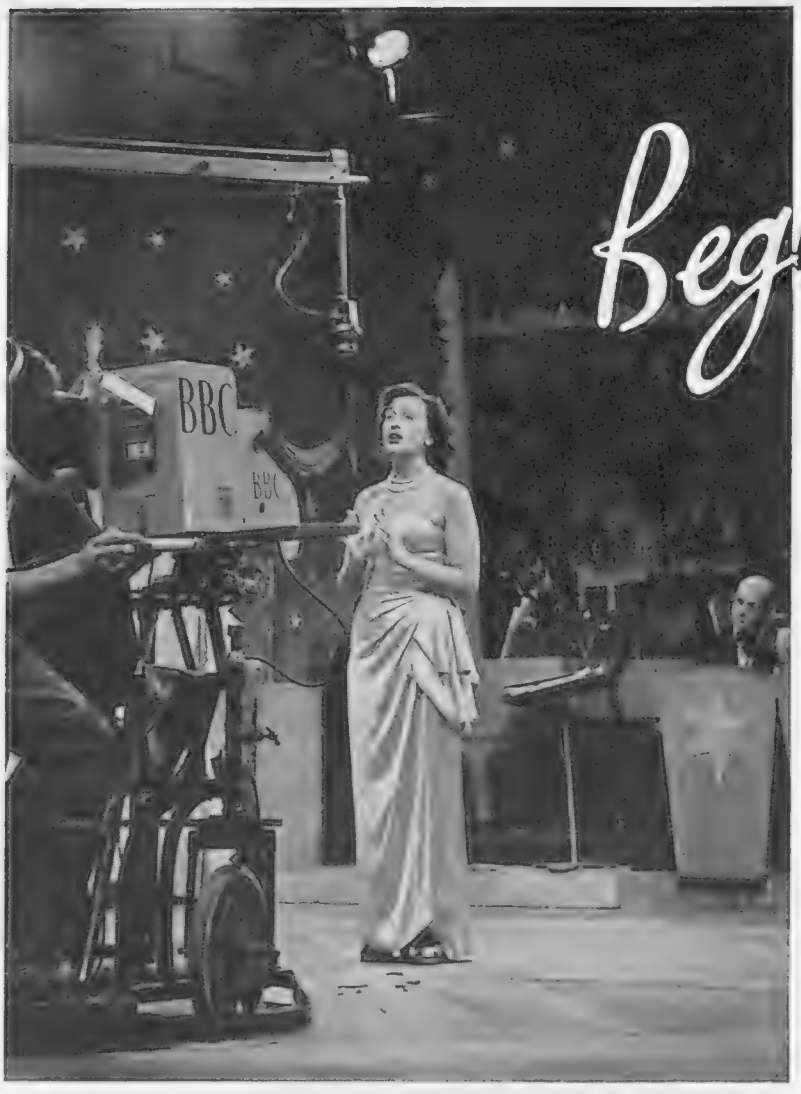
SHORT hair cuts which expose the ears and wide vee necks disclosing a prettily tanned skin put the spotlight on jewellery. Summer sky blue — the first favourite for summer outfits—looks more delicate still with strands of pale pink beads. Clear white beads have a bandbox freshness if they are framed with the same blue or one of the deeper marine blues.

Jewellery in the pictures on this page include one of a pair of ear-rings in gilt and iridiscent pearl (Paris House) at the very top next to an amusing gilt and pearl ear-ring from Liberty's, of Regent Street. The gilt feather pin on the left is scattered with colour brilliants. This is from Susan Handbags, who also supplied the long white bead necklace at the right of it.

Jewellery has become an integral part of the ensemble and is no longer a luxury, because current prices make it possible to use it as the finishing touch to every outfit at every time of day.

You have something new to say, to show, to do, something viewers the country over will want to see, it is your first sight of a television camera and suddenly the call is —

Beginners Please!



You may not be in "Roof-top Rendezvous" like Betty Driver here, but the atmosphere is the same

By

VERILY ANDERSON

MORE and more, the ordinary person with something to say or something to show, is making an appearance on television. It is part of the policy of the B.B.C. to put its viewers on view. So that universal early ambition to go on the stage is now frequently being fulfilled in the compact form of one glorious day at the television studios. This is followed by probable fan-mail and a certain cheque.

Lord Northcliffe, the greatest of all newspaper men, once said : "Everybody has at least one story to tell." If yours is a good one, sooner or later the B.B.C. gets to hear of it. You may have some new way of wintering tortoises or you may make hats out of wire-netting or share a kitchen with a Korean.

You are first asked to meet the producer of the programme you may be in. If the producer is satisfied that you can express yourself adequately on your subject and that your personality is the kind that will "come across" on the screen, you will be booked for a certain date and soon afterwards an official contract will come by post for you to sign. "Contract—urgent" printed in red on the outside of the long envelope gives you your first sensation of surprised importance over the business.

"So it's really true? I'm honestly going on television!" you think and, ignoring the nearly three million people with sets in Great Britain, your mind turns to your own family and closest friends. You think of their amazement when they see you billed in the *Radio Times*, amazement which is usually expressed thus : "Of course I've always thought you'd find yourself on television one of these days."

Now comes that exquisite period between the arrival of the contract and the date concerned. If you are a woman, and perhaps a busy one with a family, visits to the hairdresser and manicurist may normally give you a bad conscience. (Ought I to have my hair set when Johnnie's sat through his shorts again?) But now, with the clearest conscience in the world, you can, and indeed must, "go to town" on your looks. You can have your hair re-shaped, shampooed (a special shampoo, of course) and set in a style which your hairdresser thinks will make the best of your face.

Modesty may make you want to keep your mission dark, but this is only depriving your hairdresser of some of the reflected glory, besides the chance to tell you what he has learnt about the shape of your hair, on the screen, being more important than the detail. You can legitimately have a manicure and, if you want to feel really good, a facial as well.

The producer has told you to avoid wearing black or white as both colours are too strong for the delicate lenses of the cameras. So you (*Continued on page* 74)

EVANGELINE

Illustrations by COLEMAN

She had wild beauty and a high spirit—to match strength and a slow understanding

By

LESLIE BONNET

MRS. PARTRIDGE, erect in her Sunday carriage, keen face as yet unwrinkled, fingers tapping on the door frame, would call to her coachman, "Stop, Alfred."

Then, as the two matched greys pawed impatiently at the flint surface of the one street of Hadford village, she would raise a hand and call imperiously, "Come here, you fellow, Biggerstaffe!"

And Biggerstaffe, a little bent now, but still of mighty stature and of notable strength, would give up trying to sidle past. He would come up to her carriage, doffing his black Sunday hat.

The church bells would be giving a final clang, the last worshippers would be hurrying through the wicket gate, with Biggerstaffe standing there, downcast and deferential. Mrs. Partridge, standing up over him to give herself more freedom of action would begin to whack him across the shoulders with her umbrella. "There, you—blind—stupid—ignorate—obstinate—old man!" There was a whack to each word.

Then it was "Church, Alfred"; and the carriage would pull away, its slim wheels grating on the flints, to where in the church, a hundred yards distant, morning service was beginning.

Biggerstaffe would shake his head and follow.

Visitors to Hadford village in those strong years of the 1880s would often express wonder at this occurrence; but to the inhabitants the Sunday morning encounter had acquired the acceptance that the habitual always commands. It was all one with the church bell ringing, the dark-clothed worshippers passing purse-lipped and private-seeming up the road, the parson hurrying through his orchard to the vestry. The whacking and the reproaches had become part of the pattern, not just of the week; but of the farming year. For Biggerstaffe bore with equal stolidity the blows of an umbrella or of a parasol, according to season.

He had started life in Hadford and, but for a break of a few years, had worked in it all his time. As a young man of twenty years he was employed on the home farm of

She stood before him, her dark hair shining against white hawthorn blossom. She was smiling hard. "Do I look beautiful, Jonathan?" she asked him

Hadford Hall. Mr. Mundsley was the owner, Mr. Horace Mundsley, a man of fine character and of fierce will. He owned Moonshine Farm and Martin Top and Whitedell Farm as well. He was a rich man and had what no riches can keep, an only daughter, Evangeline. She had the wild beauty of her dead mother—one of the Blatchford girls from Dipsey Green—and she had the high spirit of Horace Mundsley.

Jonathan Biggerstaffe had nothing but a frame of unusual grace and strength, an honest look in his straight blue eyes and a wage of 14s. each week.

In the winter of 1854 he was ploughing Longfield. The sky was a cold blue. The hazel hedgerows shone copper-brown. The pale ash fingers branched up like candles in church. Before him the turned yellow furrows glinted, silken, and the share delved into the hard earth like a diver, cleaving. The two horses that were needed to turn the heavy clay marched ahead with a deliberate setting of hooves and a jingle of brass.

He was topping the rise of the field. He could just see between the horses' flanks the edge of the forest on the far hills over Beaconsfield way when a voice said, "Hey, stop!"

With a warm cry to his team Jonathan stopped the plough. He recognized the master's daughter.

Miss Evangeline sat her restive roan with natural grace. A low-topped silk hat sat tilted on a head of lustrous black hair. Dark eyes glowed in a pale, oval face. Her dark blue riding habit was tightly buttoned. One little toecap of polished riding boot peeped from the hem of her wide riding skirt as she sat, unconsciously insolent. She was eighteen years of age.

These details escaped the ploughman. He, as he blundered across the furrows, was eyeing the horse, Rosebud, with proprietorial interest. He had known the mare since she was foaled.

When he had reached the hedge he raised his eyes for a moment. Miss Evangeline was looking at him, not unkindly.

"What is your name?" she asked him.

"I'm Jonathan Biggerstaffe, lady," he said.

"Oh, then you must be old Samuel's boy."

"Yes, thet's right, lady," said Jonathan, patiently.

"Why, we used to play together, in haymaking time," exclaimed Miss Evangeline with a little laugh. "Do you remember——" she stopped. "But how you have grown Biggerstaffe! What a great broad man you are!" She laughed again.

"They do own me to be a bit powerful, lady," admitted Jonathan and plucked his open shirt across his chest.

"Yes," said the young lady slowly. Then she seemed to lose interest. "Well, good-day to you Biggerstaffe" and, pricking her mare, she was gone in a scatter of wet leaves and dirt.

Jonathan walked back to his plough. "Gie-up," he called to his horses.

In early December of that year Jonathan set out on one afternoon with a load of hay for the stables in Kilburn. As he trudged beside the wagon a great red sun was already lowering above Shantock woods. The old mare plodded deliberately, shaking her head in the frosty air. The wheels grated on the stones, and the smoke from Flaunden cottages stood still in the stiff air.

AT Belsize Jonathan took the lane called Under the Heavens and came into Watford by way of Bucks Hill Bottom so as to ford the River Gade above Cassio Bridge. Watford pond, at the top of the easy pull up from the ford, was athrong with wagoners watering their horses. An early dusk was already falling. The long street of wagoner's inns that was Watford glowed with light from windows and hastily opened doors. Jonathan, anxious for an early start in the morning, pressed on down the hill towards London and slept that night at the Wheatsheaf Inn on the other side of the Colne river.

At seven in the morning, before it was light, he was bespeaking the trace horse at the (*Continued on page 74*)

Follow your instinct for simple, elegant clothes for all spectator sports events. This is the perfect outfit for summer race meetings. The suit by Matita is in a sage green worsted and nylon mixture with piqué collar. (Photograph by David Olins)

Entrée to a

Rigid conventions have given way to a state in which every occasion is a law unto itself

YOU have only to start a lament for the passing of the good old days when etiquette was etiquette and society played out its elaborate ritual according to the book of rules, and out of the blue will come an invitation to prove that these days have not quite gone for ever. Faced with an entrée to a big occasion, your wails will change their tune and you will find yourself regretting, not that the good old days have gone, alas ! alas ! but that the good old book of rules has gone, instead.

The inflexible code of do's and don'ts about dress and behaviour on all social occasions in the past, though a bore, was at least unequivocal. Follow it and you couldn't put a foot wrong. Whereas now, every occasion seems to make its own rules. Formal and informal, correct and incorrect seem to change and change about until sometimes it appears pretentious—almost downright bad manners —to stick to the rules.

Take the case of the country house party. An invitation to spend a weekend in the country can send the wary female into an orgy of packing a fair cross section of her wardrobe from ball dress and gloves down to jumper and slacks, to cover every eventuality, formal and informal. A great mistake, which comes home only when your hostess, herself in sweater (felted) and tweed skirt (mended inexpertly at the placket) gags at the quantity of luggage emerging from the station brake.

A timely telephone call would have saved everyone's embarrassment. Nowadays, when it cannot be taken for granted that the strict formalities will be observed, it is up to the hostess to indicate in her invitation the kind of weekend she is

Big Occasion

by

Hilary Grant

planning. If she intends to take a party to the hunt ball or the local point to point races, or just to spend the time puttering round the garden, with a few neighbours to drop in casually for drinks in the evening, it is in her interests to forewarn her guests so that they can come prepared accordingly.

For my part, I have often sheltered behind my husband's broader back with a cunningly posed, "Charles wants to know whether he is to pack a dinner jacket." It is simple to go on from there on the principle of afternoon dress with "don't dress," dinner dress paired with dinner jacket, ball gown with tails.

WHERE the sporting event in the weekend itinerary is an unknown quantity, follow your instinct for simple clothes which will be right whether you find yourself in a smart club cocktail bar or among a crowd where anything more formal than slacks and headscarves is the latest form of ostentation.

Servants still expect a tip if they have waited on you personally, 10s. or 5s., even though there may not be a butler to receive a pound for himself and something more to distribute to the footman. But the friendly chauffeur, deputed by your hostess to drive you to the station on leaving, who shows you the best view of the house from the top of the hill, deserves rather more than the half-crown you would have offered him otherwise.

The principle of "ring up and find out" is, in fact, a guiding line through most perplexities presented by big occasions. An invitation to a private party at Ascot or at Henley might mean anything from a picnic on the grass to lunch at Phyllis Court or a private box in the Grand Stand on Gold Cup day at Ascot. Find out if it is the Grand Stand you are bound for, before you get dressed for champagne and caviare. But even then fashion must not be confused with eccentricity. The press photographers have to pass by hundreds of smart, elegant women, before they can find one in a hat funny enough to be photographed. The women who don't get into the newspapers are the ones who wear simple, elegant clothes and there is nothing cosier for the feminine ego, than to be one of the well-dressed majority.

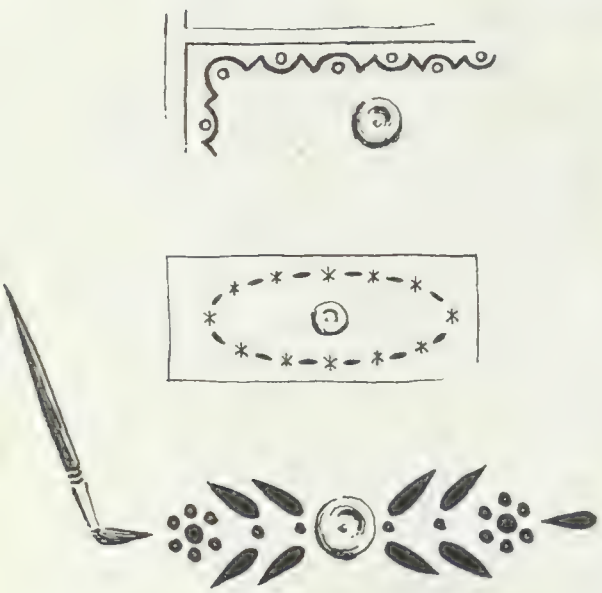
The same goes for Henley. Get it straight from your hostess whether the party is to be in one of the smart clubs, or if you are going to find yourself at the mercy of a stiff river breeze in unpretentious surroundings. A pretty summer dress and comfortable shoes are essential to both (you are on your feet a lot at this, as at most spectator sports events) but your millinery must be very carefully suited to the occasion. Cartwheel hats may go well in smart restaurants but they can be an encumbrance at a picnic.

The Royal Family has done much to set the seal on the changing code of manners with their extraordinary ease of manner and personal charm which have made them beloved the world over. An invitation to a garden party, or similar event, where Royalty is to be present is no longer the signal for you to sit up all night digesting a manual on court etiquette. There are three essentials to remember, that you wear gloves, that you curtsy to all members of the Royal Family you are presented to and that you address him or her in the third person. You would use "Your Royal Highness," or in the case of the Queen, "Your Majesty," once at first, thereafter "Ma'am." Apart from this your own particular brand of natural courtesy will be as correct on (*Continued on page 76*)

MICHAEL SHERIDAN talks about the delights and dangers of junk-shop exploration and how judicious purchases can be "converted" and reclaimed to add the individual touch so often lacking in modern furniture

HANS SCHWARZ sketches a selection of typical items and shows how paint, patience and perseverance can be rewarded

Re-fashion them with

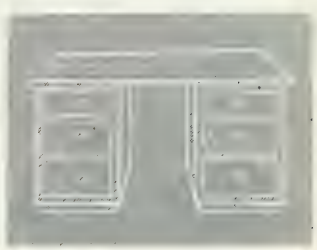


"WHAT a delightful chest of drawers . . . and where *did* you find that charming little table? . . ." It's usually a safe bet that whatever it is that arouses such flattering enthusiasm was not bought off-the-peg. And, almost equally certain, that seen a week or so earlier before it was rescued from the attic or junk shop, before its scars were healed by a merciful coat of paint or imaginative fingers had done a little judicious re-modelling, the delightful chest or charming table would have been condemned by most people as a white elephant. But "judicious" is the operative word.

For it is a pretty fantasy that every saleroom and every junk shop is full of treasures only waiting for a little homely magic to turn them into useful and decorative additions to the home. Quite as often they are—not really surprisingly—full of junk that would be best burned or dropped in the river on a dark night. And it *is* quite possible to buy a white elephant and find you have bought—a white elephant. Anyway, the home in which *everything* started life as something else has a kind of rookery-nookery tweeness that must be extremely trying to live with.

But all this is only a plea for temperance, not for total abstinence! For the fact remains that, used with discrimination as well as imagination, the saleroom or the junk shop can fill many a gap in most homes and could actually improve many. For "converted" and reclaimed pieces are essentially "exclusive" and add the individual touch so often lacking in new furniture. They can solve that pressing problem in so many homes—the problem of the teenager suddenly awake to the need for a "room of one's own" in which to entertain, to study or just to be alone with the Third (*Continued on page* 78)

Two saw-cuts transform old desk below (left) into pair of bedside tables. Paint does the rest. The simple decorative motifs (left and above) are easily applied as shown. Right: a discarded washstand becomes a desk with hanging bookshelf



Divan headboard from chintz and an old picture frame (left). **Below:** Wallpaper transforms an old chest-of-drawers

PAINT

An old-fashioned wall-bracket can figure decoratively (right)

Two console tables from a single circular turn-of-the-century table

For hall or bedroom adornment—Victorian upright chair painted white and recovered in yellow felt with bobble fringe

CHRYSIS
Beauty . . .
by

Ladies not for Burning

An article for feckless sunbathers

prepared to risk burns and blisters

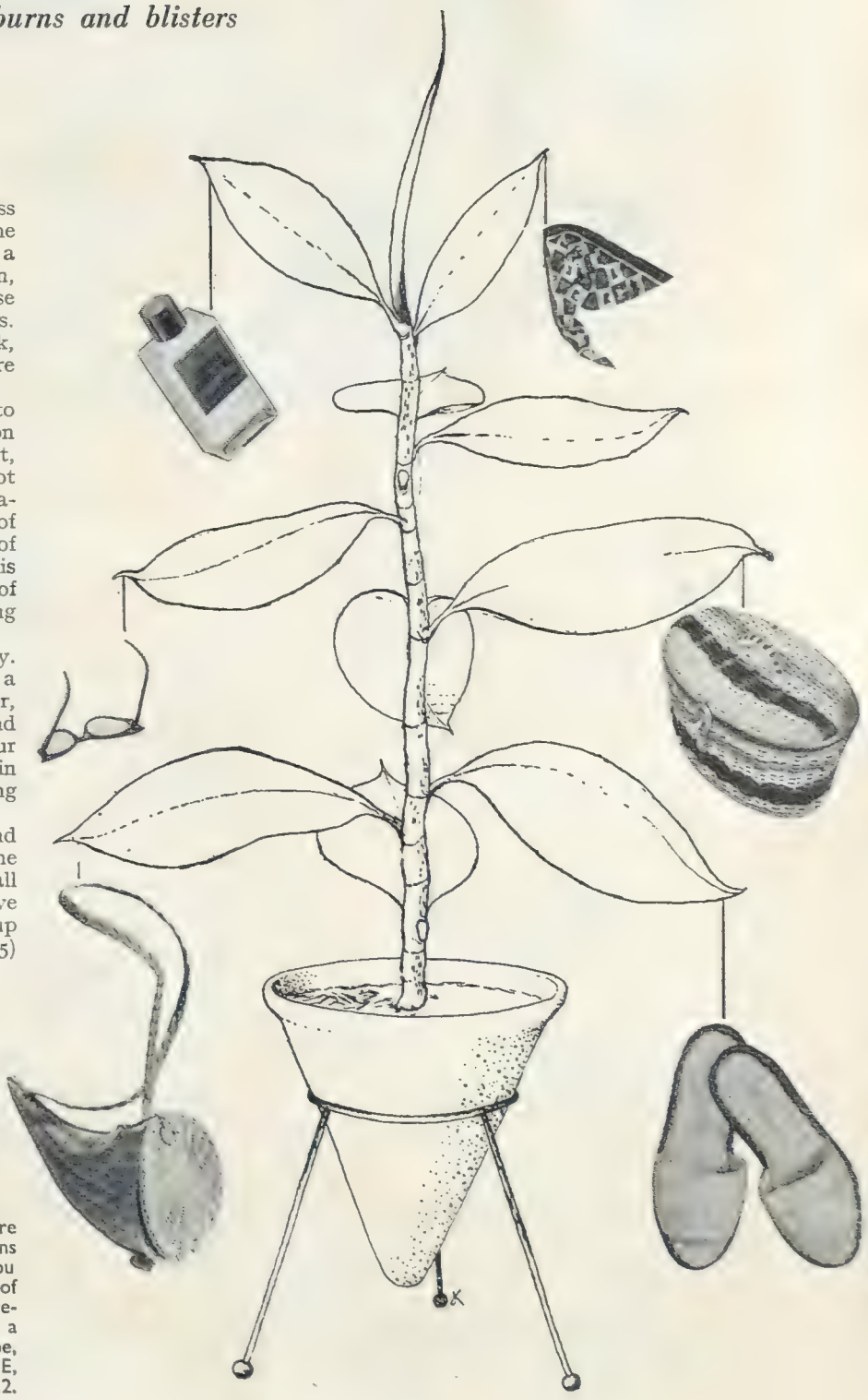
for the sake of a good, rich tan

THERE is a certain kind of midsummer madness that attacks Englishwomen as soon as the temperature begins to soar. Stripped down to a bare minimum they lie frizzling in the scorching sun, every word of caution about the dangers of unwise sunbathing as forgotten as yesterday's winter woollies. Then comes the pay-off. The cost of a get-tan-quick, in this country anyway, is more often than not a sore back, red arms and a peeling nose.

The only way for impetuous sun worshippers to avoid the burns and blisters they deserve, is to rely on some kind of sun-tan preparation. These will, at least, mitigate the unhappy results of sunshine loved not wisely but too well. There is more to a sun tan preparation than a little grease to replace the oils dried out of the skin by the sun's heat. That is one function, of course. But only a subsidiary one. Their main rôle is to act as a filter or deflectant, letting through those of the sun's rays which turn the skin brown and bouncing off the ones which burn and cause the blisters.

This may sound a bit magical, but it isn't really. It is what nature does every time she gives the skin a nice rich tan. The brown pigment acts as a filter, letting through the benevolent rays which tan and rejecting the rays which burn. You know from your own experience that once tanned, you don't again have to go through the agonies of sun blisters during the season.

Chemists taking their cue from nature have found certain chemical substances which will do the same thing: It is these chemicals which are contained in all good sun-tan preparations. They are equally effective whether they are in a cream or an oil medium. It is up to you to choose the oil type (*Continued on page* 75)



If you would like to know more about the sun tan preparations mentioned in this article, or if you would like advice on the choice of preparation to suit your own requirements, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

"Bullied into something that may be fashionable but is not at all what they wanted"

By JOHN STANTON

Illustrations by Elizabeth Wall

"Can't do a thing with it!"

Take a tip from a man's hairdresser who says there is nothing mysterious about good grooming—it's magic reduced to a formula

HIS list of clients reads like a combination of *Burke's Peerage* and *Who's Who In The Theatre*. Faces made familiar by every cinema screen and every society page in the country give him a friendly nod as he walks down Piccadilly. To his salon come regular cables from Paris . . . Stockholm . . . Amsterdam : "Will fly to London next week if you can fix appointment." Guess who? A top-flight couturier . . . a famous make-up specialist . . . a world-renowned women's hairdresser?

You'd be wrong every time. But all the same he could tell you just why that bubble cut which looked so fetching in the fashion magazine ended up by looking rather like a bedraggled bird's nest when you tried it yourself. Or, for that matter, why ninety-nine women out of a hundred, having spent two or three guineas on a hair-do, have to apologize for it : "It's just been done—it'll be all right in a day or two." Or, again, why no matter how exclusive the hairdresser, so many women come away with a sense of having been ever-so-politely bullied into something that may be fashionable but is not at all what they wanted.

More's the pity, then, that this paragon is presiding, not over a plushy, crystal-hung salon in Mayfair, but over a severely masculine establishment on whose threshold the hardiest woman may well falter. For Russian-born Michael—no one ever calls him anything else—is doing exclusively for men what might well turn every woman green with envy—styling their hair to suit their features. Not, mind you, that any of his clients would have the hardihood to mention a "style" to Michael. Even so much as a hint of a "crew cut" will bring a glint of barely suppressed rage to his eye and rumour has it that no man has muttered the formula "short back and sides" in his presence more than once.

For—he will argue—there is no such thing as a "style" divorced from the head that is to wear it and most bad grooming is the result of trying to impose a style rather than producing a shape that is the natural outcome of the shape of the head. In framing a picture, he will add, warming to his subject, we ensure that the frame enhances the painting and hair is only the frame to a picture.

But if any new client goes to Michael in the hope of being compared with an oil painting he is in for disillusionment. The conversation is much more likely to run something like this : "Of course, your face

is really much too long (or fat or square)"—until now it had always seemed a reasonable sort of face—"your neck is too thick (or thin)"—actually, you had noticed that your old collars were a trifle tight—"and your brow is certainly low." Having by now reduced the client to a kind of receptive pulp, he will add more comfortingly, "But we can soon put all that right." If at this point the client has enough self-esteem left to murmur "Not too much off the top," Michael will sooth him with a "Very well, Sir"—and proceed to cut his hair exactly as it should be cut.

Not that Michael likes the word "cut" at all. At all events, he argues, a man or woman who leaves the hairdresser looking as though their hair has just been cut has an unskilful hairdresser. Hair should be "shaped," he believes, and that may very well mean building it up in some places rather than cutting it.

Shave any scalp—he will say with gruesome emphasis—and you'll be surprised what an ugly thing it is—all dents and bumps. The ideal hair style will even out the irregularities so that a perfectly balanced head results. And—take comfort—exactly the same principles apply equally to men and women. Is the head flat at the back? Then the hair should be arranged so that the hair from the sides overlaps at the back to counteract the flatness. Is there a bump where no bump should be? The hair should be thinned at this point but built up where there is a dent.

"With a short cut . . . looks like a turkey"

To illustrate the importance of balance, Michael tells the story of the "thousand pound clip." To balance a certain famous screen profile, Michael cuts one side of the hair once a fortnight but the other only once in three months. Recently, the producer thought the star a little raggy behind the ears and whisked him off to the studio hairdresser for a trim. When the "rushes" of that day's shots were shown he thought he must have the wrong star in the part. The hair so lovingly built up had been clipped away in a few seconds. An S.O.S. and a special car rushed Michael to the scene where he had to rebalance the famous profile with temporary pads! In all, the "trim" cost the studio well over a thousand pounds.

With unfortunate features Michael has a magician's touch. And like other magicians, he knows it is what the eye *thinks* it sees that counts. Do the ears protrude? The fact can be disguised even with a short cut if the hair behind the ears is built up so that the gap between ears and head is eliminated. Is the neck too thick?

"Demand a 'hair-do' just like this"

By an optical illusion, hair tapering to a near-peak on the nape will narrow it. Is it too thin and long? A broad, low hair line at the back will correct it—"with a short cut a woman with a long neck looks like a turkey!"

Is the neck short? "With a long hair style the short-necked woman appears to have no neck at all." Is the face too round? An almost central parting appears to elongate it—"this is the head for a short, bubble cut." But the long thin face needs a parting as low as possible and hair full at the sides—"feathered" is the technical expression—to give width. A slanting parting can widen a head too narrow at the back or reduce a too-wide forehead—according to which way it slants.

Have you suffered from trying to tell a new assistant exactly how your hair was cut last time? Michael's male client is luckier, for from the first visit the magic is reduced to an exact formula. A squared chart and a system of cabalistic signs shows just where the hair should be thinned, feathered, built up or "folded over" and the precise line of the parting.

And if by now you're seething at all this waste of art on the mere male don't be too hasty—women have partly themselves to blame. At one time Michael cut only women's hair. He gave (*Continued on page 77*)

"All but the strongest-minded are sheared like poodles"

For her personal use the Queen Mother chose a Fairholme "Silver Lounge" caravan shown here, slightly more expensive version of the same firm's "Gladiator"

The "Gladiator" is a smaller version of the "Silver Lounge", with the kitchen at the end. it is priced at £695, and interior views are shown in pictures below

Weekend Cottage on Wheels

THE attractions of a little place in the country never seem to grow less to people who are tied by circumstances to cities. Even so, the days when one could acquire a cottage or a bungalow at the sea with any hope of solvency are long gone for middle income groupers.

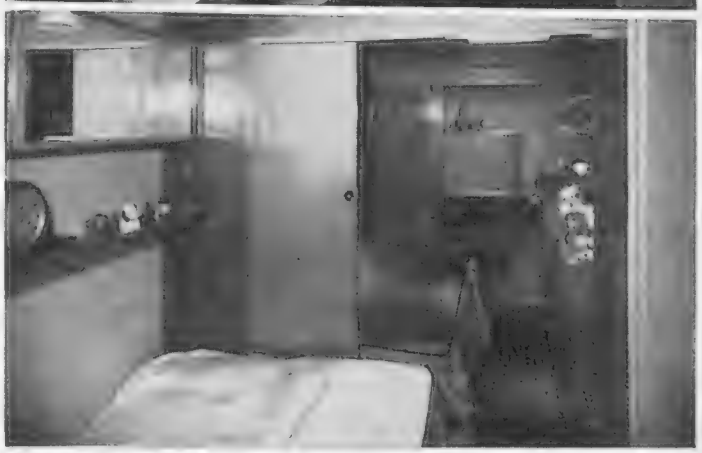
But the residential caravan, which is bought fully furnished and equipped, does seem to bring the prospect of country weekends into the realms of possibility, if we accept their mobility as an asset and not merely as proof of instability.

If evidence of their comfort and practical qualities are needed we surely have it in the fact that the Queen Mother has bought one which now stands in the grounds of her Scottish home at Birkhall. In it she intends to house her family and friends who cannot be accommodated during larger house-parties at Birkhall, which is of moderate size.

Last summer, recalling her visit to the Welsh Industries Fair at Cardiff, where she had been much impressed with caravans designed by a local firm, Her Majesty decided that a residential caravan was the answer to her guest problem at Birkhall. So caravan makers in Great Britain were invited to send models to a site where she could make a choice.

As it transpired, out of the thirty caravans sent for her inspection, choice fell on the caravan she had admired at Cardiff two years earlier.

This model has three rooms—a kitchen, a dinette and a lounge; the two latter rooms can be converted into bedrooms at night. By miracles of ingenuity in design, every inch of space in each of the rooms (*Continued on page 62*)



Top picture (right) shows the "Gladiator" as it appears in daytime. Centre: with beds down for night use. Note partition by which lounge is sub-divided into bedrooms. Bottom view from opposite end, shows well-fitted kitchen

Discussion Points of the Month

June is here—and in parks and gardens, on terraces and river lawns, wherever people sit in the sun and talk, certain names will be recurring . . .

On right:

IN playing Father Brown, the elusive Alec Guinness has probably come nearer than ever before to being himself before an audience. Pursuing a line of his own, G. K. Chesterton's astute and lovable priest astounded the world with masterpieces of detection: but this was no mere crook-catching, for he related everything he did to a deeper theology—none less than the saving of souls. And, pursuing a line of his own, Alec Guinness has similarly made a slow world sit up. His early career was dogged by death-knells: "You wouldn't be any good at acting, Guinness" (his headmaster); "I'm afraid you're wasting your time. You'll never be an actor" (Martita Hunt); "I don't think you're quite the type for a film actor" (producer at Riverside Studios). Then came his eight-fold triumph in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. . . . To Father Brown appearances could only be misleading until one got at the soul: Guinness, also, has always looked for the soul; aud where he finds it, the mystic transformation takes place: he and Father Brown are one. Opens June 10th.

Guinness as Father Brown: he went on in his own way, often supperless, and got there

The miniature gaucho plays authentic South American pipe music to his llama, who responds with subtly twitching nose and delicately pawing hoof

On left:

IF you think of puppets as mere dolls animated by the pulling of strings, go and see Dr. Podrecca's Piccoli Theatre, now touring the country. Here your disbelief will be completely suspended, for these impish people, 4 ft. high, have a demonic life of their own, and their creator must feel like the Sorcerer's apprentice. We do more than marvel at their unrivalled acrobatic feats: we are lured inexorably into their faery world, so that when the enchantment is over, the humans around us seem strange, large, slow-moving and impassive. The present revue being staged by the old-established Piccoli is a miracle of contrast and timing. Our picture is from a travel sequence showing life in an Andean village. Other highlights in the programme are plantation songs with the original Show Boat honking down the Mississippi; three virtuosi—a violinist who might be Paganini, a pianist who might be Paderewski, and an indefatigable soprano who might be—one of several ladies; and best of all, Fun in Inferno, with any number of gay devils and lesser furies, red lights, green lights and bangs smelling of real gunpowder. The whole show has the sparkle and precision of Italian entertainment at its happiest.

Looking Around . . .

Brazil joins the connoisseur nations : a German masterpiece from São Paulo's Museum of Modern Art

On left :

THIS month, at the Tate, the Arts Council is holding an exhibition of paintings lent by the Museum of Modern Art, São Paulo, Brazil—which throws a sudden shaft of light on a unique phenomenon. Museums are generally thought of as final flowers of an old culture : first, the battle for survival has to be won ; then there is time to care for the past. But São Paulo is like the history of civilisation in a nutshell, because one short lifetime ago it did not exist : it is a young town in a husky, pleasure-loving, apparently materialist young country, and like most other things in Brazil, the Museum's beginnings were the result of a refreshing mixture of idealism and hard-headedness. In 1947 a City Senator, with the suitably distinguished name of Chateaubriand, decided to found an Art Centre, and presto ! it was done, for enterprises take root and flower quickly in Brazil, like the native tropical plants. The Senator was a big business man—a term of approbation in South America—owning radio and television stations and a chain of newspapers, the *Diarios Associados*. Many fine pictures were bought, of which *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by Hans Cranach (left) is one, but the accent has always remained on the living : the Museum is a part of the life of São Paulo ; there are lively discussions always going on ; any kind of applied art may be learnt and practised on the premises ; there are concerts, plays, films, ballet : and it is all reported in the *Diarios*, and on the radio and television networks.

Below :

NATURE herself, beauty-loving and callous as a Medici, plays the principal part in Disney's documentary, *The Living Desert*—and is all the more impressive for being unseen. Animals and insects run the predestined pattern of their lives in macabrely human fashion : they hunt or are hunted, fight rivals, enjoy orgies, court females, mate, rear families, and die, the only apparent significance being the purely mathematical balancing of species. There are moments of hilarious joy, however, and everywhere, all the time, there is beauty, exquisitely caught in the colour-camerawork, commentary, and music which are so superbly fused under James Algar's direction that for over an hour the excitement never slackens. Now showing at Studio One.

Bobcat up a cactus : there were no trees for the wild cats to climb in Disney's desert

Bombshell from Brooklyn : ice star Peggy Wallace skims the surface in new-style Novello

"The Fair Italian," by Pietro Annigoni, "old master" of 43 whose chosen vocation is to restore art to the *status quo*. A recent exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries was thronged with people

On left :

AMONG the more endearing imports from America have been actors and actresses who enlivened, first our languishing musical comedy stage, and now our teeming ice-rinks, to which, nevertheless, they continue to be a necessity. The latest decoration is Peggy Wallace (left), a first-rate skater from Brooklyn, who will be Maria, one of the principal three in *The Dancing Years on Ice*, which opens at Wembley Stadium on June 24. The other two—Charles Hain and Gloria Nord—are also American. Thus ice-skating, age-old amusement of the Northern countries, has, after a slow build-up over the years, suddenly gathered such momentum that one would be a fool to predict any end for it. It has captured the technical imaginations of its producers and is carrying them to the same fantastic lengths as masques took the first Elizabethans—spectacle and music vanquishing plot and character. Anything seems possible : we may yet see Lear on a blasted pond and Pickwick on a frozen-over tavern floor.

Above :

PIETRO ANNIGONI dedicated his life to nothing less than the reconstruction of art, but instead of building anew, he has put the clock back and produced a series of competent and frozen pastiches. He has insulated himself from present times by adopting intact the extravagant romantic vision which Henry Fuseli expressed in his pictures and Mrs. Radcliffe in her novels. Their work was the inevitable outcrop of the romantic revival working on undisciplined minds ; his is an interesting anachronism. He has taken over from them the essential fantastic stock-in-trade : nostalgia for the past, idealisation of the remote, preoccupation with the horrific, and an elaborate paraphernalia of stage properties. Annigoni's portraits are less pretentious than his landscapes—the drawings of heads being truly masterly ; but where he uses oils he simulates, by means of ancient recipes, a patina of dirt, and becomes old-masterly again. Our illustration is from Batsford's handsome book of his pictures.

Marlene the unchangeable : a quarter of a century ago and to-day—still the same allure

On left :

FORTUNE'S wheel has come full circle for Marlene Dietrich. It was in 1930 that Von Sternberg cast her as the one-and-only " crazy Lola," cold-hearted night-club queen in his famous film, *The Blue Angel*. The next year she cashed-in on this sudden fame by moving to Hollywood, where she crystallised into a legend. Then, last year, aged 53 and a grandmother, she " shook " atom town Las Vegas by doing a night-club turn at their fashionable Sahara Hotel in a £2,000 lace gown, which seems a lot to pay for transparency. With hands on hips, she sang : " Men cluster to me like moths round a flame," and " Falling in love with someone " and it is said that hardened gamblers forgot their game at the siren-call of her husky voice. *She* was not gambling, however ; her fixed salary was £32,140 for three weeks at the rate of half a dozen songs a night. Now she is coming to England with a bowdlerised repertoire. Her name, by the way, was originally Magdalen, but she changed it . . .

Old Erin hits the headlines in a new way : all by herself young Sybil Connolly has put Ireland on the fashion map—with the lowest couture prices in the world

Above :

THE present craze—now at its high noon—for casual, bulky clothes at almost all times has been half-inspired, half-instigated, by Sybil Connolly. This shrewd Irish colleen (born in Wales) has an undoubted gift for designing, a head for business organisation, and a nice sense of timing—how apt, to catch the American fashion editors on their way to Paris last year and show them her first collection in a real castle ! She has since been the rage of America. Above, she is seen with her washerwoman doll, one of hundreds sent to America as novelty advertisements for red flannel quilted skirts. She has also promoted scarlet wool Connemara homespun from petticoats to swirling capes : and above, left, she has adapted for evening a traditional style of cloak, which women of Kinsale, County Cork, still wear in the daytime. Miss Connolly's version is of lake green velvet. The clothes are keyed to the upper crust of Irish life—peasant to peer—almost, the main themes being tweed suits and daytime dresses for race meets, and ball gowns with much yardage for parties in spacious country houses. In everything interest is quickened by her knack with traditional crafts and materials : woollens hand-woven by families of cottagers ; hand-knit fishermen's caps from Aran, no two alike ; delicate lace made by the nuns of Carrickmacross (who also offered prayers for the collection) ; tiered cambric evening dresses embroidered in scallops ; finally, bainin (pronounced " bawneen ") tweed, the most famous of all : a coarse fabric, the colour of vanilla ice-cream, woven by Aran fishermen, and used by Miss Connolly in bulky sports jackets with knitted sleeves and hoods, heavy coats, and gathered afternoon dresses. Everywhere are huge lapels and pockets, swinging capes, width tied casually in, knitted details. Sybil Connolly has come a long way since the day in 1950 when, as buyer in a Dublin dress shop, she rather reluctantly took the place of the departed designer. Her clothes are obtainable in London through Libertys.

Villagers in defence of a bird sanctuary fight the R.A.F. doughtily in "Conflict of Wings," by Don Sharp (left). Louise Morgan (centre) tells the technique of Westminster healer, F. Matthias Alexander, in "Inside Yourself." Social cross-currents swirl through "What Everybody Wants," a story with a Cornish fishing village setting by Walter Greenwood (right)

By TREVOR ALLEN

Talking of Books

MANY old playgoers have warm memories of Phyllis Bedells. Daughter of a Bristol Gas Company clerk, she was "dancing British" well before the Diaghilev vogue. Age eight, she made her first stage entry when her mother sang with a Lowestoft concert party. At eleven, she got her first London engagement from Seymour Hicks, then joined the Empire *corps de ballet* at £4 10s. a week when its stars were Dame Genée, Lydia Kyasht. At sixteen she was ballerina; at seventeen found her first serious admirer in a Dane who began with bouquets, ended with a brand-new limousine, plus liveried chauffeur, delivered at the stage-door—a gift she flatly refused. She duly married (instead) Ian Macbean, and in MY DANCING DAYS (Phœnix; 21s.) is a story of little son David convulsing the audience by crying out, in a quiet moment of *Clair de Lune*, with Anton Dolin, "Oh, Nannie, look at Uncle Pat carrying Mummy!" Another is of a Boat Race night performance of *Sylvia*, in which Phyllis had to come on holding a tribute of fruit at the end of a Kyasht solo. "Have a banana!" someone shouted from the stalls, and Lydia was icily furious. Stories of the famous abound in these spirited memoirs of a graceful lady's limelit years; also much *trivia* of only professional interest.

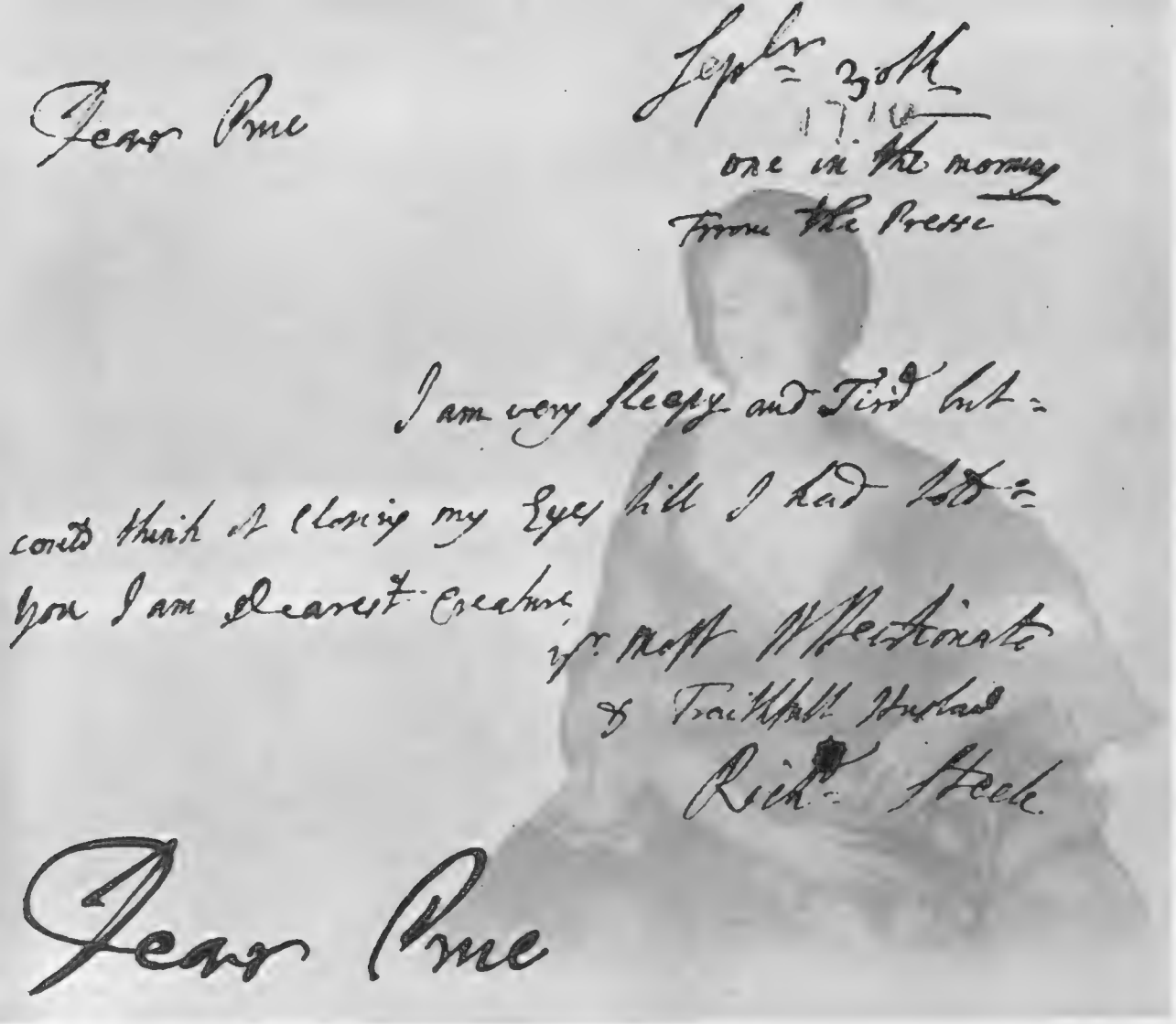
What insight into the diverse lives of women we have this month! Martha Reben, three-and-a-half years bedridden with T.B., rose up defiant and went camping rough in the wilderness with an Adirondacks guide, canoeing, fishing, studying wild life in a country of coney, loon, beaver, porcupine, eagle. The experience, she says, in THE HEALING WOODS (Hammond; 12s. 6d.), not only mended her lungs but taught her fortitude, self-reliance, tranquillity. I found a restful serenity in this back-to-nature book.

In Victorian days, when prostitution was a subject "not talked about" in polite circles, Josephine Butler set out to befriend and save Liverpool's "fallen women," drew Gladstone, Cardinal Manning and Catherine Booth into her nation-wide campaign, and ultimately extended it to the Continent. "PORTRAIT OF JOSEPHINE BUTLER" (Faber; 21s.), by her grandson, architect A. S. G. Butler, is a sober biography of this earnest reformer who scorned social taboos and fought the Contagious Diseases Act of 1869. (*Continued on page* 78)

SHAKESPEARE, THEN AND NOW

IT is no new idea that Shakespeare should be performed on the type of apron stage for which he wrote, but in **"Shakespearean Stage Production Then and Now"** (Hutchinson; 25s.) Cécile de Banke considers the plays in relation to everything else contemporary: actors, lighting, properties, sound effects, costume, make-up, music, dancing. Her exhaustive researches, carefully bibliographed, copiously diagrammed, are "to supply the scholar-player's *immediate need* while pointing to the fields of further enquiry." Actor Hugh Miller calls it a treasure house of information for student, young producer and stage craftsman. The photograph reproduced from the book is of Dr. John Cranford Adams' model of the Globe.

Eight years of research into the original texts have gone to the editing of **"William Shakespeare, The Complete Works"** (Odhams; 25s.), by Professor Charles Jasper Sisson. Included for the first time is the play, *Sir Thomas More*, of which Shakespeare has been credited with only 150 lines. Chapters on the poet's life and Elizabethan theatre, critical prefaces to each play, clear type on fine paper, make these 1,376 pages prodigious value at the price. No home now need lack its complete Shakespeare.



By MIMI JOSEPHSON

The letters of a man in love — to his wife

THERE is nothing more fascinating than to read the personal letters, particularly the love-letters, of famous people. Some of the most charming letters ever sent from a man to the woman he loved were written by Sir Richard Steele, the eighteenth-century essayist, best known for his association with Addison on the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*.

What makes Steele's letters to his wife Prue, as he affectionately nicknamed her, unique among love-letters, is that they were written during their eleven years of very happily married life. They reveal, not only a bond of affection between the couple, but also throw a fascinating light on their everyday life. There are 400 of them, all faithfully preserved by Prue, many of them mere scribbled notes, the equivalent of the modern telephone call. Whereas the modern business man telephones his wife that he will be late home to dinner, Steele sent Prue a note by messenger. He has just been given tickets to the musick; would Prue like to go? They have just been asked out to dine, so if the coach isn't available, would Prue call a chair and join him immediately—incidentally, the boy who brings the note has been up since six, so would Prue let him rest in the kitchen while she gets ready?

The notes are as spontaneous as affectionate. To thumb them through is like eavesdropping into the life of an affectionate couple, and that nearly three centuries of mechanical progress separates us from Richard Steele and his beloved Prue, makes no difference to the love-story.

IT was in a short note written soon after they were married that Sir Richard Steele first called his wife by the pet name of "Prue." Thereafter he used it constantly.

Dear Prue,

I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffiths who has kept me ever since. . . . I will come within a pint of wine. We drink your health and Mr. Griffiths is your servant.

Steele's nerves were victim of editorial cares, just like the journalist of to-day. He warns Prue on one occasion:

Dear Creature,

I write to tell you beforehand that I am not in a very good humour, but all shall vanish at her sight whom Providence has given me for the banishment of care, and the improvement of delight to your most obliged husband, and most humble servant.

Mary Steele had a will of her own and a quick temper which sometimes ran away with her tongue.

Dear Prue,

I wish I knew how to court you into a good humour, for two or three quarrels more will dispatch me quite. If you have any love for me, believe me I am always pursuing our mutual good.

Prue could perhaps be forgiven her occasional bad temper, for Steele was not an easy man to live with. He was hopeless at managing his money affairs, which Prue complained was due to his careless generosity and his lavish hospitality. He owed money everywhere and once was arrested for debt. Perhaps it was about this time that he wrote in an attempt to mollify her:

My Dear,

I shall not come home to dinner, but I have fixed everything and received money for present uses. I desire, my dear, that you have nothing to do but be a darling, the way to which is always to be in a good humour and to believe that I spend none of my time but to your advantage.

Often, if he had received money and knew that Prue was short, he did not wait until he returned home, but sent her something on account.

Dear Prue,

I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

One day, soon after they were married, Steele asked Prue to drive with him to a girls' boarding (*Continued on page 77*)

The sensuous pleasure, drama and loving-kindness of great music are now enjoyable in full measure through long-playing records and high-fidelity reproduction

Symphony in Your Living room

BY RENÉ ELVIN

FOR every person who listens to music in the concert halls, there are thousands who enjoy it at home, either on radio or on records. The B.B.C. has done much to make good music popular. But the constant flow of sound, spouted day after day, hour after hour, tends increasingly to foster inattention and thus to defeat its own ends.

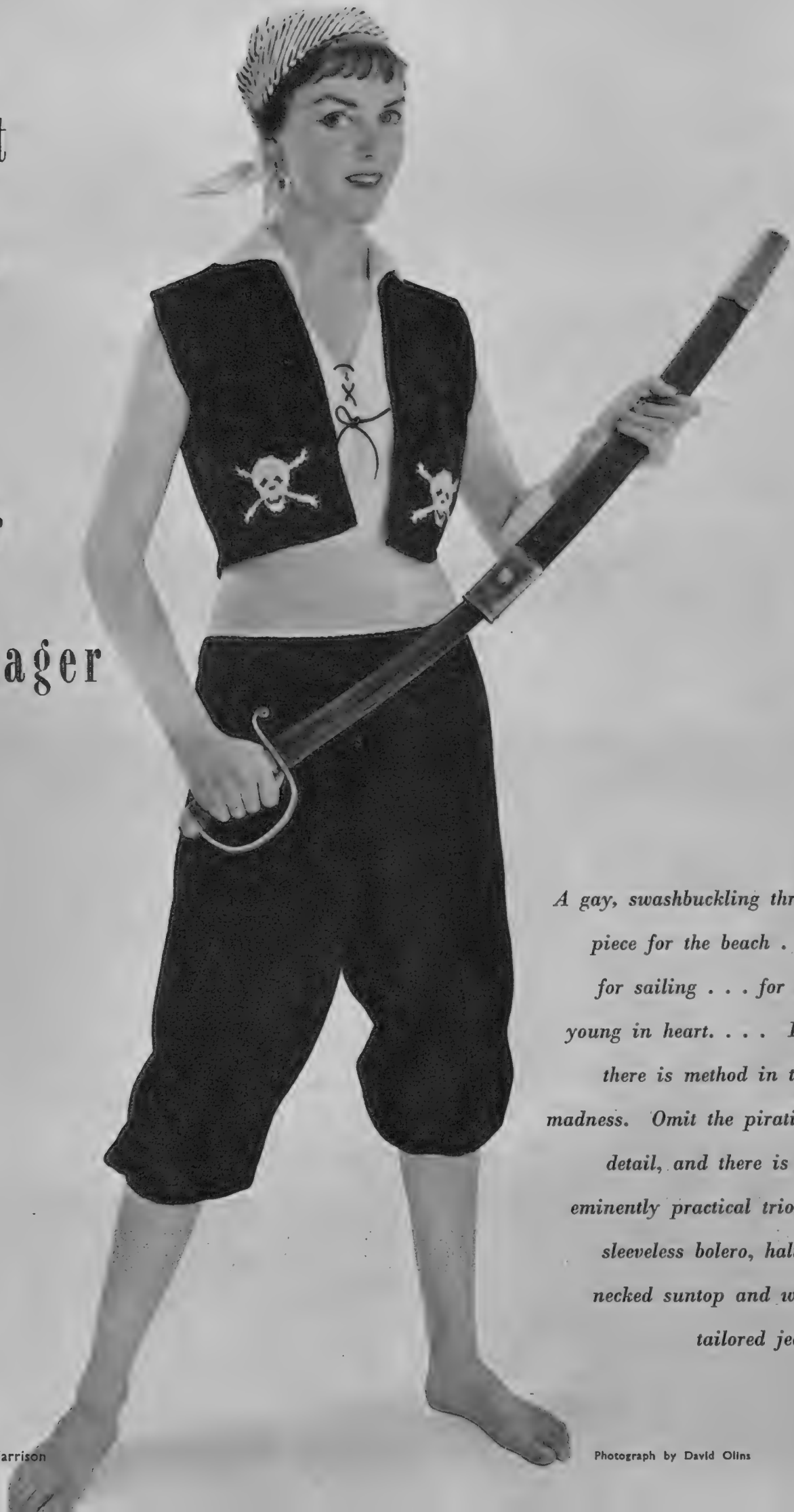
The true music-lover prefers to listen to music at selected times, more especially as the mood dictates.

The existing advantage of the gramophone in this sense has experienced a decisive impetus since the advent of long-playing records. Each side of a 12-in. L.P. has a playing time of up to half an hour—enough for a short symphony, concerto or sonata, or for an average opera act. No longer need we suffer the disadvantages of the shellac records; the maddening interruptions which break the spell cast by great music. On L.P.s, music has time and space to develop its periods, climaxes and cadences without unseemly breaks and clatter, and to weave its magic to the appointed end.

Now, to bring the cup of contentment brimming for music-lovers there is High Fidelity reproduction which, by covering nearly (*Continued on page 79*)

The mighty ground-swell of orchestral climax—Joseph Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra

Knit This For Your Teenager



A gay, swashbuckling three-piece for the beach . . . for sailing . . . for the young in heart. . . . But there is method in this madness. Omit the piratical detail, and there is an eminently practical trio of sleeveless bolero, halter-necked suntop and well-tailored jeans

Designed by Erika Harrison

Photograph by David Olins

THE JEANS

MATERIALS required are 12 (12, 13) oz. Lee Target "Leemont" Crepe 3-ply in black; 1 pair No. 11 and No. 13 knitting needles. Tension is 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. Instructions are given for a 37-in. hip, 28-in. waist. Larger sizes for 39-in. hip, 30-in. waist, and 41-in. hip, 32-in. waist are given thus: 37 (39, 41).

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 13 needles cast on 48 (52, 56) sts.

Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, increasing 1 st. in every alternate st. in the last row. 72 (78, 84) sts.

Change to No. 11 needles and st.st.

Work 2½ (2¾, 3) ins., ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then continuing to inc. 1 st. at the end of every 14th row, inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 8th row 10 times, and then 1 st. at the beg. of every 6th row 3 times. 94 (100, 106) sts.

Work 5 rows.

Now keeping outside edge straight, continue to inc. 1 st. at the beg. of next and every following 4th row for inside leg seam until there are 104 (110, 116) sts.

Work 5 rows, ending with a p. row.

Shape Centre-front. 1st row.—Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts., k. to end.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—Cast off 4 sts., k. to end.

4th row.—P.

Now still keeping outside edge straight, dec. 1 st. on every row at centre front edge until there are 87 (92, 97) sts. left, 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 83 (87, 91) sts. left, 1 st. on every 4th row until there are 79 (83, 87) sts. left, and then 1 st. on every 8th row until there are 74 (78, 82) sts. left.

Work 7 rows, ending with a p. row.

Commence Waist Dart. 1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 26 (28, 30), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Work 9 rows.

11th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 24 (26, 28), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Work 9 rows.

21st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 22 (24, 26) sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Work 9 rows.

31st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 20 (22, 24), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Work 9 rows.

Leave sts. on stitch-holder.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front, reversing all shapings.

THE LEFT BACK

With No. 13 needles cast on 54 (58, 62) sts.

Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, increasing 1 st. in every alternate st. in the last row. 81, (87, 93) sts.

Change to No. 11 needles and st.st.

Work 2½ (2¾, 3) ins., ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then continuing to inc. 1 st. at the end of every 14th row, inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 8th row 6 times, 1 st. at the beg. of every 6th (*Continued on page* 80)

THE SUN TOP

MATERIALS required are 4 (4, 5) oz. Lee Target "Leemont" Crepe 2-ply in white; 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles; and a black shoe lace. Instructions are given for a 34-in. bust, with larger sizes, 36-in. and 38-in. bust given thus: 34 (36, 38). Tension is 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. measured over stocking stitch.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 112 (120, 128) sts.

Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Continue in st.st.

Work 2½ (2¾, 3) ins., ending with a p. row.

Commence Bust Darts. 1st row.—K. 27 (29, 31), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. 52 (56, 60), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. to end.

Work 3 rows.

5th row.—K. 28 (30, 32), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. 54 (58, 62), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. to end.

Work 3 rows.

9th row.—K. 29 (31, 33), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. 56 (60, 64), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. to end.

Work 1 row.

11th row.—K. 30 (32, 34), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. 58 (62, 66), k. twice into the next st., k. 1, k. twice into the next st., k. to end.

Continue to inc. in this way on every alternate row, with 1 st. more at each side, and 2 sts. more in the centre between increases until there are 172 (180, 188) sts.

Work without further shaping until front measures 9½ (9¾, 10) ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending with a p. row.

Divide for front opening. Next row.—K. 78 (82, 86) sts., (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times, turn, leaving the remaining sts. on spare needle.

Finish each side separately.

Following row.—Rib 8, p. to end.

** **Shape Armhole.**—Keeping 8 sts. in rib at centre front edge, and the remainder in st.st. (*Continued on page* 80)

THE BOLERO

MATERIALS required are 5 (5, 6) oz. Lee Target "Leemont" Crepe 2-ply in black, a small amount in white; 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles. Instructions are given for a 34-in. bust, with larger sizes 36-in. and 38-in. bust given thus: 34 (36, 38). Tension is 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. measured over the stocking stitch.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 70 (74, 78) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 6 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at side edge on the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 81 (85, 89) sts.

Work until front measures 6 (6¼, 6½) ins. from cast-on edge, ending at side edge.

Commence Armhole Shaping.—Cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows, 8 (9, 10) sts. once, and 4 (5, 6) sts. once, ending at centre front.

Shape Front Slope. Next row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

Now decreasing 1 st. every 4th row at centre-front edge, cast off at the beg. of next row and alternate rows at arm edge 2 sts. twice, and 1 st. 4 times.

Now keeping arm edge straight, continue to dec. on every 4th row at centre-front edge until there are 38 (39, 40) sts. left. Work a few rows until armhole measures 8 (8¼, 8½) ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending at arm edge.

Shape Shoulder.—Keeping neck edge straight, cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows 7 sts. 2 (3, 4) times, and 6 sts. 4 (3, 2) times.

THE LEFT FRONT

Follow instructions for the right front, reversing all shapings.

THE BACK

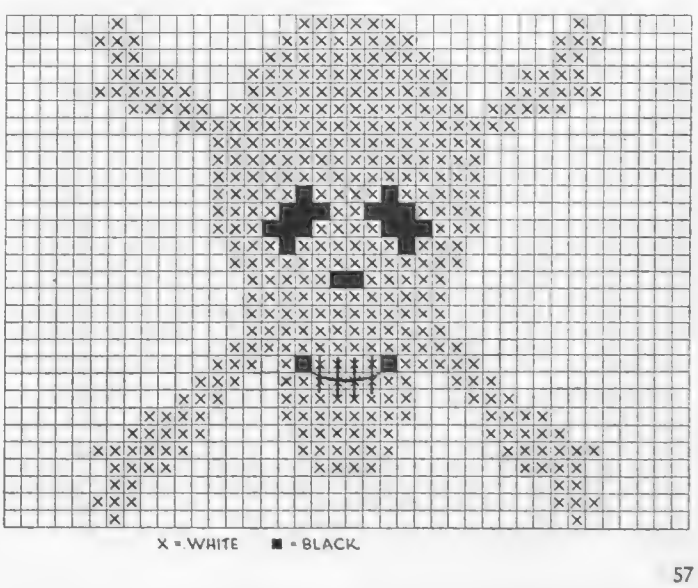
With No. 12 needles cast on 140 (148, 156) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 6 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 162 (170, 178) sts.

Work until back measures the same as the fronts up to (*Continued on page* 80)



Motif can be worked in Fair Isle or embroidered when the bolero is completed. When working Fair Isle, use separate balls of white wool for each part, twisting wools round each other when changing colours.

Margaret Sharp . . .

Ideas of the Month

The Hawkins Handymix is a non-electrical food mixer with strong, easy action and two-speed gear to whip the lightest mixtures and beat heavier doughs. £6 12s. 4d., plus postage, from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

FIRST come two ideas for the linen cupboard from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Gay, striped blankets by Atkinson's, with broad bold stripes of peach, pink, green, or blue with white. Candy striped blankets are perhaps the gayest of all. Single bed size £3 19s. 6d., double £5 15s. 6d.

"Who's been using my towel," is a *cri du coeur* answered by Horrockses' "His" and "Hers" bath towels. In luxury size 30 in. by 60 in., white Turkish towelling, the lettering is in black, green or peach. Price 29s. 6d., plus postage. For bathing the baby, there is a wrap-round overall in tough plastic, with roll collar and sensible three-quarter-length sleeves at Whiteley's, of Queensway, W.2. In white or pastel colours, price 12s. 6d., plus postage.

Up till now, home dressmakers have had to do invisible hemming by hand. Now Singers have produced a Blind Stitch Attachment for their sewing machines to do it for you. It will invisibly hem an almost unlimited variety of fabrics. Obtainable from all Singer Centres, price £2 0s. 10d.

Mirroware four-square frying-pan has divisions to keep flavours separate and a draining rack, 19s. 11d., postage extra, Whiteley's, Queensway, W.2

HERE is something for busy women who cannot be tied to the house all day. A Horstmann Auto Time Control fitted to the electric cooker will operate the cooker by automatic control. The Time Control can be pre-set in the morning to switch on at any time during the next 14 hours, to allow a cooking period of up to four hours, and then to switch off again. The control can also be set to work the electric fire, the water heater or even the radio. Fitting the switch is a very inexpensive job to be done by an electrician, and the Time Control itself is £6 13s. 9d., and may be ordered through any Electricity Board.

At your Service

EACH month, Margaret Sharp is planning to bring you what she considers the most useful service she has heard about for the month. This month she has discovered something for amateur home decorators. A Home Decorating Hire Shop has opened in London for people who want to do their own redecorations but who lack the equipment and the know-how. The idea is good enough to be copied elsewhere and we hope it will be. The Hire Shop will not only help you choose suitable paints and wallpapers, but will rent you all the equipment you will need to tackle the job in a professional manner. Complete painters' kit includes dustsheets, washdown and dusting brushes, distemper and/or paint brushes, filling knife, pail and stepladder, and the charge is 12s. 6d. a day or 4 gns. a week. Complete paperhangers' kit includes paperhangers' table, brushes, etc., and the charge is 5s. a day or 32s. 6d. a week, or with stepladder 7s. 6d. a day, 50s. a week. Prices include delivery and collection in the metropolitan area. The Home Decorating Hire Shop is at 154 Walton Street, London, S.W.3., Knightsbridge, 4833.

Decorative and Useful

Right: A record holder which will interest ardent record collectors. The holder made by S. W. Display in light expanding metal will stand or hang as required. The joy of it is that the holder will comfortably house an embryo collection of half-a-dozen records the single way up or will hold up to sixty-two or more the other way, as the collection expands. Price £2 18s. 6d. from Heal and Sons, 193 Tottenham Court Road, W.1, postage extra

Below: Pia candles, looking like sugared fruit, to light a festive dinner table. They burn for five hours and never drip. In pastel colours, they are 12s. a box of two from Fortnum and Mason, 181 Piccadilly, W.1. Postage 1s. 6d. **Below right:** Royal Worcester ovenware in gold or silver lustre. Prices from 3s. 3d. for a small ramikin to 62s. 9d. for a large casserole, postage extra, from Thomas Goode, 19 South Audley Street, London, W.1

A two in one garden chair-cum-couch which can be made to serve as a chaise-longue or an upright chair. Chair 57s. 6d., mattress 22s. 3d., postage 4s. 6d. extra. Fry and Cowell, Outdoor Life, 54-58 Ludgate Gardens, E.C.4.

A pre-cast pond solves many practical problems of the garden pool. It has an electrically operated fountain if required. Pond £4 5s., fountain 10 gns., postage 7s. 6d. Fry and Cowell, Outdoor Life, 54-58 Ludgate Gardens, E.C.4

JANET DARBY'S
COOKERY PAGE . . .

How To Choose

Eatables In June

MENU

Vichyssoise Soup (hot or cold), Chicken and Apple Salad with Buttered Potatoes, Strawberry or Gooseberry Custard Flan.

MENU II

Honey and Grapefruit Cocktail, Casserole of Fish with French Beans, Baked Fruit Crumble with Cream.

MENU III

Smoked Trout with Horseradish Sauce, Veal Cake with Stuffed Tomato Salad, Honeyed Apples (these can be eaten hot or cold)

A daintily set table makes the meal more tempting at any time, especially when appetites are heat-jaded

Here are the recipes for the menus given above:

CATERING for a family during an English summer doesn't mean endless salads, delicious as they are. They have their place in the menu, of course; a very large place, but it is wise to make provision for the possible cool days. For evening meals especially, a bowl of soup adds needed substance to a light meal. Not a heavy, meaty soup, but a good fruit or vegetable one so easy to achieve at this bountiful time of the year.

It is very possible to be undernourished during the summer and to attribute lack of vitality to the hot weather, when in fact what you are suffering from is lack of food. Salad stuffs are pleasant to eat, but they are not balanced meals in themselves. They need an accompaniment of hard-boiled eggs or cold salmon, with wholemeal bread and butter, to supply all your needs in the way of fats and proteins.

Adaptable meals seem to me to be the answer, balancing hot and cold dishes according to the weather. You could start with soup, hot or cold, followed by a substantial salad dish and a fruit pudding, or, if you begin with grapefruit or melon, you could comfortably follow with a lightish casserole dish. When in doubt, prepare dishes which can be eaten cold, or heated up at the last moment, according to the weather.

VICHYSSOISE SOUP

Melt 2 tablespoonfuls margarine, and stir in 3 leeks and 1 onion, all cut fine. Cook slowly in the fat, but do not allow to brown. The vegetables must be cooked till they are transparent. Add a quart of white stock (you can use a proprietary brand of clear chicken broth if you have no white stock available). Add 2 potatoes, thinly sliced, season with pepper and salt and cook slowly till the potatoes have disintegrated. Rub the lot through a sieve. Cool, then add a teacup of cream or top of milk or else a cup of unsweetened evaporated milk. Pour into soup bowls and sprinkle some chopped chives and parsley on top. Serve hot, or chill in the refrigerator.

CHICKEN AND APPLE SALAD requires:

½ lb. diced cooked chicken; ½ teaspoonful salt; ½ teaspoonful black pepper; 1 large sliced apple; 1 tablespoonful chopped capers; ½ teaspoon rosemary; lettuce; mayonnaise

Mix chicken, apple slices, capers and seasoning. Mix the dried rosemary into the mayonnaise, add to the salad mixture, and blend thoroughly. Serve on a bed of lettuce.

FRUIT CUSTARD FLAN

Shortcrust pastry; ½ lb. gooseberries or strawberries; 1 egg; 4 oz. sugar; ½ pint milk; ½ lemon jelly.

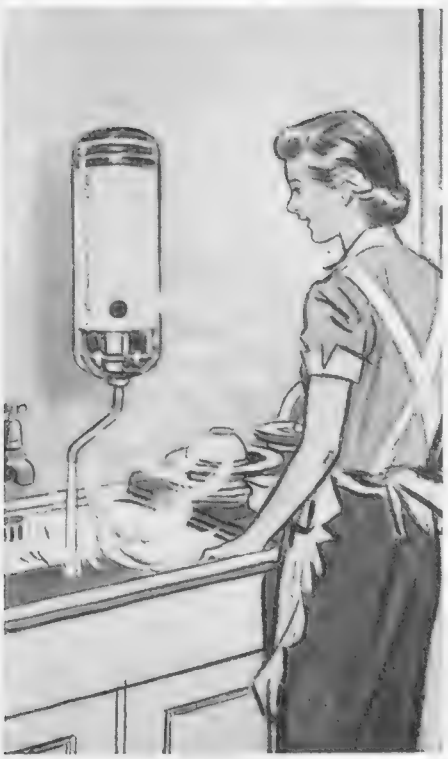
Make a flan case from the shortcrust. Prick all over and bake lightly. Heat the milk to blood warmth; beat the egg with 1 oz. sugar, and pour the milk on to the egg, mixing thoroughly. Pour the custard mixture into the flan case, return to the oven; cook slowly till the custard is set. Make a syrup from the remaining sugar and about one-third of a pint of water, add the topped gooseberries and cook gently—do not allow the gooseberries to mash. If you are using strawberries, do not cook, but drop into the boiling syrup for 1 minute only. Drain gently, keeping the fruit whole, and dissolve the lemon jelly in the hot syrup. Stand aside to cool. Meanwhile, arrange the fruit in the flan case, on top of the custard. When the jelly is cold, and almost set, spoon over the fruit and then allow to set thoroughly, if possible in a refrigerator.

HONEY AND GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL

Half grapefruit per person. Remove the pulp from each half. Put into a bowl with 1 tablespoonful (*Continued on page* 80)

'Still living in the kettle age?'

—asks Mr. Therm



Is your kitchen work slowed down by the time it takes—time after time—to boil a kettle or a saucepan of water? Have you wondered how long it takes before those few steps between stove and sink become miles and miles, as the days go by? Madam, you need—you deserve—one of Mr. Therm's instantaneous sink water-heaters. Easily fitted and as neat and small as its price, a gas sink heater gives you an endless quantity of hot water at the turn of the tap. Here is your freedom from cold water drudgery. Here is the tap that gives you new leisure as well as hot water. Call at your gas showrooms to find out how soon and how well an instantaneous sink heater can get to work for you!

Good-it's GAS!

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

Issued by the Gas Council

Weekend Cottage On Wheels (*Continued from page* 48)

has been so utilized that, although the whole structure measures just twenty-two feet by seven feet six inches, there is still "elbow-room."

The "Silver Lounge" has the special advantage that the kitchen is placed between the other two rooms; so that sounds of talking or radio from the sitting-room do not penetrate to the end bedroom. Two sets of sliding doors effectively shut out all sound.

By day, the end room can accommodate a family for meals, as it has a four-foot heat- and stain-resistant table with a four-foot settee running along each side. The table and settees, together with flaps which let down from the wall, can be converted at night into a double bed or two single ones.

The feature of this end room which particularly influenced Her Majesty in her choice, was the six-foot long built-in wardrobe, set behind one of the settees, incorporating four feet of hanging space and a two-foot tier of shelves.

The lounge is a pleasant, spacious room, in which the wide settee folds down at night into a double bed. Two comfortable armchairs and a gate-leg table are included in the purchase-price of the caravan, so that the room is a completely furnished sitting-room, which is adequately warmed in winter by an anthracite-burning fire. This fire also heats the water and warms the airing cupboard in the kitchen.

To the woman of the house, the most important room is the kitchen, and nowhere has the designer of the caravan shown more ingenuity. Along one wall is a built-in unit which incorporates ample food and storage cupboards, a heat- and stain-resisting work-table and plastic sink and draining-board. Above the sink runs another cupboard suitable for china. A full size bottled gas-cooker, stands against the opposite wall, and below is a gas-point for iron or gas-fire.

In the corner a door leads to the toilet. The bath, in the same cream plastic as the sink, is sunk into the kitchen floor and is covered by a cork-lined flap which serves as a bath mat when turned back.

The cost of the "Silver Lounge" is £795, and includes chairs and table in the lounge, all fixtures and fittings throughout the caravan—curtains, floor-coverings, gas-lights in each room, the gas-cooker, mattresses and, of course, all built-in furniture. Where could you get a fully equipped cottage for that?

A slightly smaller model which was shown at the Motor Show at Earls Court costs a hundred pounds less. This has an end kitchenette and a large lounge, which can be subdivided at night into three double bedrooms. The "Gladiator" has plenty of lockers, drawers, shelves and hanging space and is a very attractive and cosy home.

Think of the advantage of a mobile country residence which allows you to spend weekends in the country for the whole of one summer and for the next to spend them at the sea. In fact to shift your country home wherever fancy and convenience suggest.

END

Two comfortable arm-chairs and a gateleg table are included with the "Silver Lounge" Caravan

Enter A Handmaiden (*Continued from page* 12

"A sherry, please . . . dry."

"That's what Spencer always drinks."

Meg stiffened in front of the looking-glass. "That's what Spencer always drinks." She was Spencer's reflection. With a sudden vicious movement she stripped off the orchid and flung it to the floor.

HUGO lit her cigarette and leant back in his chair. He jiggled the brandy in his glass flamboyantly, as he had no doubt done a hundred times upon the stage. He said: "Tell me really, is Spencer boorish all the time? Even when you're alone?"

They were at the Berkeley. Hugo had had a good dinner. Several people had recognized him and each time he had looked helplessly at Meg. "The price of fame," he seemed to say. Meg thought only as long as Spencer puts the words in his mouth.

Out loud she said: "He's very highly strung, Hugo."

"We are all highly strung. An actor," said Hugo complacently, "has learned to control his tensions. He tunes himself to the occasion." He paused as the waiter arrived with a cedarwood cigar case.

While he was busy preparing a cigar Meg looked away. Bother, she was thinking, why should I defend Spencer to him. A party of Guards' officers were being riotous at the next table. One of them ogled her outrageously. She smiled back and remembered suddenly that Spencer had been in the Guards.

He had, she thought, tuned himself more accurately to the occasion of a war than Hugo, who had disappeared to a theatre in Dublin. She could never imagine Spencer as a soldier. Somehow . . .

Hugo's voice dissolved her thoughts. "How long have you known Spencer?"

"Always." She looked up at Hugo whose lips were pouted nakedly about the end of the cigar. "We've always lived across the square from each other. As we grew up we seemed to stick, except for Oxford and the war."

Hugo laughed. "A victim of circumstance."

Meg set her teeth. "Not a victim. Of my own free choice."

Hugo said: "Quite," infuriatingly.

"Anyway," she said defiantly, "I like being Spencer's secretary."

"My dear girl, you're a hat-rack not a secretary. I've heard that Spencer would never eat if you didn't cook something for him. You've become a handmaiden. . . . Enter a Handmaiden," Hugo said it dramatically. "And what's more, you're really no more important to Spencer than the character of a handmaiden in one of his plays. Now isn't that true?"

Meg felt the colour rising to her face. She thought damn you Hugo, it is true. She looked up at him. "I like it Hugo. Spencer's a brilliant man."

"You're burying yourself Meg and to no purpose. You should get about more. I'm giving a party in my rooms on Saturday, why don't you come?" Then he added: "Bring Spencer if you like."

Meg smiled. "He'd hate it."

"There you are, you see. 'He'd hate it'. Therefore you mustn't go. Don't you see you're living *his* life, not your own?"

Meg looked down at her lap. "I'm rather tired, Hugo. Do you think we might go soon?"

The *timbre* of Hugo's voice changed. He became consoling, the sympathetic friend. "Of course. I've been boring you. Why we should dissect your private life I don't know. Sure you wouldn't like to go on somewhere?"

"I don't think so, Hugo ; thank you."

"There's a new place in Grosvenor Street that's supposed to be rather lively?"

"Honestly, I'd rather go back. The play today was a bit of a strain."

"Of course." Hugo forestalled the waiter who came forward to draw her chair. Then he preceded her solicitously. (As if I were an invalid, thought Meg, as though there were something wrong with me.)

A hired car was waiting for them. Hugo threw away his cigar before following her in. He settled down rather too close to her. He's going to kiss me, she thought desperately, and remembered the awful pouted lips round the end of the cigar. As the car ran swiftly along Piccadilly Hugo slid an arm behind her.

He said: "I've enjoyed myself very much. Do try and come on Saturday. I shall be prostrate if you can't."

"I'll speak to Spencer."

"It'll do you good. You're much too sweet to be buried." Hugo's head bent suddenly and he kissed her on the side of the mouth.

Meg drew in her breath. "Please don't."

"Sorry," Hugo laughed too easily. "Fact is you looked irresistible in the passing light of a street lamp." It sounded trite.

When they stopped in Chester Square Meg was out of the car before the driver could leave his seat. "You don't mind if I don't ask you up, Hugo? I'm awfully tired and——"

"Not at all my dear. I shall look forward to Saturday." As she crossed the pavement his white hand fluttered at the window.

She waited in the portico until the car was out of sight, then she looked across the square at Spencer's flat. The light was still burning. She walked slowly across wondering if he had gone to bed. When she reached the door there was (*Continued on page* 64)

So far... for so little!

28 m.p.g. on the Velox? 33 m.p.g. on the Wyvern? No manufacturer can determine what figures an owner will get. The answer depends on traffic conditions, hills, average speeds—and the driver. But within these variables one constant stands out. The new Vauxhalls, with their brilliant 'square' engines, take you farther on less fuel than other cars of similar size and power.★

Both Vauxhalls are spacious five to six seaters, and combine economy, speed and safe performance. They are comfortable, easy to drive, attractive inside and out, and well finished. Maintenance at reasonable cost is assured by Vauxhall nation-wide Square Deal Service. In value for every penny spent, the Velox and Wyvern have no equal. Ask any Vauxhall owner, and then ask your dealer for a demonstration.

• • •

★ *In R.A.C. observed petrol consumption tests the Velox achieved 28.6 m.p.g. at an* average *speed of 40.8 m.p.h., the Wyvern 33.4 m.p.g. at an* average *speed of 30.5 m.p.h.*

That's Vauxhall Value!

THE 6-CYLINDER VELOX

Maximum speed of 80 m.p.h.; spacious 5/6 seater. Length 14 ft. 4 in., turning circle 38 ft, £535 plus £224.0.10 P.T.

THE 4-CYLINDER WYVERN

Same size body and same modern styling as the Velox. Maximum speed of 70 m.p.h, £495 plus £207.7.6 P.T.

Vauxhall Motors Ltd • Luton • Beds.

no sound from beyond it. She knocked softly and then after a moment fitted her key.

Spencer was asleep in his chair with his fountain pen still in his hand. His head was back and she could see the strength of his face, and the humanity in it, the humanity that tomorrow would leak away through his pen, leaving him empty and abusive. What had Hugo said? . . . Spencer keeps his romance for his plays. . . . She looked at his tousled, blue-black hair and remembered the awful vanity of Hugo's hair, set and bleached at the temples.

She walked across the room trailing her furs and laid a hand lightly over his eyes.

Without moving Spencer said: "Nice time?"

She took her hand away. "So so."

"You look very attractive. Was Hugo bowled over?"

"He didn't show it. He spent all the time talking about you."

"Me?"

"And me, too. He said I was a handmaiden. He didn't approve."

"Did you?"

"I don't know."

Spencer moved in his chair. "Did Hugo kiss you?"

"Does it matter?"

"Not really . . . I suppose. I haven't kissed you in years."

Meg turned about. "I must go. I'm dropping. Good night."

"Good night, Weasel." Spencer remained looking at the door after it had closed. Then his eyes slowly lowered to the pen that had snapped in his hands. The ink was dripping down the folds of his trousers. Stupidly he watched the stains spreading outwards.

"WHERE'VE you been?" Spencer's voice was urgent.

"I—I had to go to Brighton. Angelus isn't well."

"I'm sorry." She heard the rustle of paper and knew that he was working as he spoke. "It's this rehearsal today. Markham's been on the phone. I'm as nervous as a cat. It's at two. Shall I pick you up?"

"I—I have to go out. I'm having luncheon with Sybil."

"See you at the studio then. Can you make it by two?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Don't be late, Meg. You know what hell I find these things."

Meg reached over and replaced the receiver. Then she continued lying still in the semi-darkened room. Angelus, her stepfather, had been genuinely upset, and read her a lecture on the futility of her position.

"Thing's as clear as daylight," he had said. "Stop seeing the fellow. It's what I call a friendship of ascendancy. It'll be hell to begin with, for *you* not for *him*, like living without a drug. Then gradually your own perspective returns. Your mother was the same. I used to send her off now and then on her own." Angelus's slender fingers tapped his spectacle case as if it were a snuffbox. "I told her that it would do us both good, that she'd come back and see me as I really was and not what I'd made her think I was. Clever what? Of course, I'd have looked a fool if she'd come back loathing me. Apply the same treatment to yourself, only don't go back."

In her mind she could see Angelus watching her now, his eyes bright with understanding. She dozed for a while and when she woke it was one-thirty. She rang the studio and left a message for Spencer. "Sorry I can't make it; good luck; Weasel."

Afterwards she lay on the bed again, sipping tea out of the last Spode cup. The rest had all been broken. Once Spencer had sat on three. Bother, she thought, I can't even have tea without him. . . .

As she put the cup down the phone began to ring. It was still ringing when she pulled on a mackintosh and let herself out.

The rain was light, touching her cheek like falling hair. The reading would have started now she thought, and she had a mental picture of Spencer, gaunt, untidy and arguing endlessly. When she'd been walking for a short time she found herself at Victoria. She crossed the busy intersection and went into the station buffet. For ages she sat at a table and when she looked up next she realized with a start that it was four. The rehearsal would be over. They'd be talking. She thought, I'll ring, and then remembered what Angelus had said. ("Like a drug . . .") Anyway, Spencer would be gone. She'd ring and see how it went.

Markham answered the phone. "Is Spencer with you Meg? What's going on? He's been in and out raging. Do you know where he is?"

"No, I'm sorry."

Meg put the receiver back gently. She dialled Spencer's number but the buzzing went on and on. She hung up, feeling sick and anxious. Then she rang Hugo.

"Spencer?" Hugo spoke with difficulty. "My dear, he's in a frightful tizzy. He's been here . . . said I'd filled you up with a lot of nonsense. He was quite violent. . . .

She dialled Spencer's number again and still the buzzing went on. She left the box and began walking home. She remembered the time Spencer's first play had been turned down. He'd disappeared for two days, and then she'd been woken at four one morning with Spencer sitting on the end of her bed very drunk.

Upstairs in her own flat she hung up her wet clothes in the bathroom. As she was buttoning her housecoat she looked down the passage. Through the sitting-room door she could see the back of Spencer's head over a chair. She walked slowly in.

Spencer looked round at her. He was quite sober. "Hallo, Weasel." The blue-black hair was wet and stringy on his brow.

Enter A Handmaiden

Meg felt frightened, aware of the latent aggression in him. "How—how did the rehearsal go?"

Spencer stood up. "Why'd you leave me alone, Weasel? You know how hopeless I am."

Meg turned slightly to the wall. "You need a new secretary, Spencer. I can't do it any more."

Spencer walked furiously across and grabbed her shoulders. "What's wrong?"

"I can't . . ."

He spun her round and kissed her roughly. "Neither can I . . . it was no good today. No magic. . . . Marry me, Weasel, marry me now . . . tonight."

"Please don't pity me. Anyway it takes three days. By that time you'd——"

"I've had the licence a week, my dear . . . but not the courage. I thought we'd go away after they did the last play, then you said you were going out with Hugo. It knocked me sideways. I didn't think there was anyone else. Funny thing was, I'd even ordered an orchid before the show. Hugo took you out, I provided the flowers. Another time it would have been funny——"

"It ruined the evening for me." She wound her arms round his neck. "Darling Spencer . . . I had no idea. Let's go tonight?"

"We'll go soon. As soon as Markham has this new thing set."

"The new play?"

"Poor Weasel, marrying half a man."

"Half a loaf," said Meg shakily," besides there's no one else."

END

Living With Shyness (*Continued from page 15*)

sandwiches, washing-up, or sorting raffle tickets, too busy to feel shy, is another solution.

In the first World War I found myself bustled by public opinion into a V.A.D. uniform, and trying to hide my shyness behind an apron. Sister, a gaunt lady who had never been shy in her life, said, "What are you doing, Nurse, and *where are your cuffs*?" I felt like death, until one of the kindly patients grinned at me and said, "Pay no attention to the old cat! You girls can come in here starko if you wish, but come in without your cuffs on, and she'll give you 'ell every time!" He made me laugh, and maybe laughter is the ready answer. I know that it has helped me.

Too frequently the shy person on holiday tries to find perfect friends against the background of a dream hotel. It is bound to fail. The horror of the hackneyed surroundings is too much for them, the crowd over-sophisticated and critical. I have found how wise it is to aim at the holiday with the concentrated interest; a coach tour with a dozen others; a canal cruise; something which one is *obliged* to share. The mere fact of crossing the Channel with a band of people, makes the English friendlier than ever before, and I myself am certainly more at ease. On board ship the first night out, the common anxiety of "Are you a good sailor?" draws them close. Perhaps the simplicity of the direct question is the key that unlocks the door every time; most certainly it does for me. Once, when I had admitted to being the world's worst sailor, the whole of a starchy table had a personal cure ready for me. For it is a kind world really, and it wants to help. Might I humbly suggest, that if you yourself are lucky enough not to be shy, and therefore do not know the agony we poor unfortunates suffer, try to recognize our symptoms? That in itself is such a help.

I sympathize with fellow sufferers. I know the answers but admit that quite often I am too shy to use them. After reading this, do try to do something to help yourself. Get outside your own front door. Speak to half a dozen strangers, remembering that the world has need of your friendship. Give of yourself, realizing how well worth while the effort is. Do make some attempt to lay the ghost that haunts you. Drop the shoulders, take a deep breath and look it between the eyes.

That, I realize, is the answer.

END

The Way . . . And The Means

(*Continued from page 13*)

and save the cost of the planners, because it needs no seaming, although my husband —a perfectionist in all things—fortified the joins by sticking carpet tape on the composition backing with adhesive.

In the bedrooms where floorboards are apt to gap I found the perfect solution in a rubber backed canvas underlay called Duralay. This has twice the resilience and depth of under-felt and gives our hair-cord carpet the springiness of a cushion. It too has the advantage that it can be cut to room shape with ease and the edges laid together without need of joining other than by a few tacks.

As for outdoors, I always thought that "There in the wood a piggywig stood" was just Edward Lear, but on the advice of the Livestock Officer, two gilts-in-pig (ladies awaiting motherhood) are scheduled to take up early residence in part of the copse, happily not where the primroses flourish

Two pure-bred ladies, their maternity quarters, special wiring-in of their part of the wood and building a rough shelter, plus the meal to supplement what they will find for themselves, is likely to tot up to some £250 before the sale of the offspring begins to bring in a return. We did some earnest reckoning up of resources before the decision was taken. The refrigerator and the washing machine have been crossed off the list. The choice flowering shrubs can wait. More clothes really aren't necessary. A holiday? Why even spending a night in London seems like exile. Trimmings can go when at last you have got what you wanted. Certainly it is something of a venture of faith, but, we'll take the pigs!

END

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

There are 50,000 experts at your jeweller's

Do you think of your jeweller as just a man in a shop? He is much more than that. Although you cannot see them, there are 50,000 experts at his elbow, ready and keen to help him help you. These 50,000 are the expert craftsmen of the Swiss watch industry. Three centuries of watchmaking tradition have bred in them that instinctive skill and meticulous accuracy which make Swiss watches renowned the world over.

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Choose a good Swiss watch at your jewellers and have 50,000 experts at your service.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

The Revolving Gardener's Friend (*Continued from page* 16)

It was this year, remembering past labours, that I decided to buy a hosepipe. Since I was a child I have always fancied being a sort of part-time fireman, squirting water upon an arid world. L., my wife, encouraged me in the idea. She has always been disappointed with our lawn in the summer. In the winter, when we have no visitors, it is lovely and green. But in the summer, when we are very popular, it is a shred of brown, scorched grass from which a slight dust rises when someone rashly tries placing a deckchair on its surface.

L. said :

"We can get one of those things which go round and round all night and spray water all over the lawn. It will be so refreshing. And Janet could have a sort of open-air shower from it as well."

I had to agree with L. that it sounded really rather charming.

We ordered fifty feet of hosepipe from a London store, together with one of those revolving things which spray water. We didn't know the name of the latter, but asked for one driven by clockwork : electricity is as yet only a bare pole out upon the sand dunes.

Very promptly our apparatus arrived. The hosepipe was wound on a sort of drum; the Revolving Gardener's Friend (invented and named, surely, by some Nonconformist or Puritan?) arrived in a large cardboard carton.

We decided to unpack the hose first from off the drum; Janet came to watch us as we did that upon the lawn. She thought that it was a snake. We have always warned her so much about snakes, as we have adders living on a patch of nearby wasteland. She has never seen a snake, however, and now thinks that every long and thin thing which wriggles has a sting at one end of it.

The hose was made of stout ribbed rubber and L. took hold of the one end of it to pull, while I held the large reel threaded on the spindle of the twig broomhandle.

I could see that L. was having difficulty with it. She had to pull very hard to unwind the hose and although I tried to help at my end by spinning the drum, she didn't manage to unwind it very fast.

"It's very sturdy, darling," she said.

"Good quality, L."

SHE took away a hand from the hose, then, to pat some of the sweat on her face. It was a rash thing to do, for the hose was too much to hold with one hand. It sprang away from her, whipped itself with a clang in the air, sprang back behind the drum I was holding, slapped me smartly on the nose and then settled in coils on the dry lawn.

L. came forward very carefully to pick it up again.

I could see that she was afraid so we changed positions and, after some struggle, I got the thing uncoiled and almost straightened out. As I tried to get it into a straight line I took courage from the strength of this product, how fine it was compared with the poor standard of so many postwar things.

"It'll last years, L."

I smiled as I said it, for I was thinking of all the bucket carrying which would be saved; from now on there would never be any danger of those plants turning a sort of political somersault and tossing their roots to the moon and the sun.

"Now for the squirter," said L.

I wagged a hand gently at her.

"This, my dear, this is the Revolving Gardener's Friend."

"Well, I hope he's stopped revolving by now, poor dear."

Janet came to watch as we took out the machine from its carton. Her only comment was :

"Is it for holding pepper, Daddy?"

I shook my head, but had to agree that it was indeed somewhat like a monster pepper-pot, only mounted on a sort of hinge.

It was the hottest time of the day, that hour after lunch when there was a haze on the sands and when Shan, the fox-terrier, had gone to sleep under the cool of the lavender hedge. A time when even honest workmen content themselves with a routine sort of job. Certainly this was hardly the hour to be experimenting with this apparatus, and I said so. But Janet saw immediately through the dishonesty of my excuse for she sang out :

"Ha, ha, Daddy wants to try out his toy all by himself."

And so I had to start at once and get this Revolving Gardener's Friend working for them to admire.

L. and I both read the instructions, which were printed in seven languages inside the lid of the carton. It seemed simple enough. One had to connect a hosepipe to the spout A, wind the motor with the key at spindle B, and then set the Friend *at the centre of the area to be treated and leave to perform its work*.

I connected the hose to the spout A, which took me ten minutes. The rubber was very hard and the spout was just a little too large. But after paring the inside of the hose with a safety-razor blade I got it to fit. Winding the clockwork motor was easier. I had had much experience in winding toys for Janet who has a boyish love for things which *move*.

The thing began to revolve easily enough after a few turns of the key and took away the skin off one of my knuckles. But then L. came and held it rigid while I wound.

It must have been one of the largest motors of its kind ever made, for I turned the key for five minutes. But at last it was done and L. took away her hand.

Slowly and with a certain dignity the sprayer turned round and round.

"Now for the water," said L.

She went to connect the other end of the hose to the kitchen tap. She had to drag the hose through the front door and the hallway, while I stayed on the lawn to make certain that Janet didn't get her fingers in this watering machine.

L. was a long time turning on the water so Janet and I went to investigate. The trouble was the size of the tap and the size of the hose. More paring had to be done, but eventually we got the rubber on the metal and tied it firm with string.

"You go and watch, you two, and I'll turn on the tap," said L.

We went to the front of the house, cautiously not going beyond the shelter of the front porch. There was a sudden gobble from the machine. It began to revolve quicker; a great spray of water was cast in a rainbow-making circle, the colours lovely in the hot vague sun of the August day. Janet clapped her hands with delight.

But I was not too happy. There was a definite steam rising from the lawn, and the plants, where the water descended. I realized then that L. had connected the hose to the *hot* tap.

I went to her in the kitchen and explained. We untied the string and put the hose on the cold tap and bound it up again. We turned on the water and went together to the lawn.

Janet, of course, had found the delights of cold water on a hot and dusty summer's day. She was gravely running around the perimeter of the lawn, keeping a gentle pace so that all the time the water should fall upon her. We let her do that until she got tired and started to sneeze, then we took her in and dried her.

WE allowed the machine to travel for the rest of the day and the night. Once started there was apparently no easy way of stopping it. Yet it seemed a waste to keep it going unless water went through it. So we had to fill the kettle from the cold tap in the bathroom, and guard ourselves from tripping on the thick, taut hosepipe in the hallway.

I wanted to disconnect the thing for the night but L. wouldn't hear of it.

"It's in the darkness that a lawn needs moisture, darling."

And so I had to take off the hose from the tap in the kitchen and thread it through the letter-box in the front door, so that we could lock up the establishment for the night.

I couldn't get to sleep for quite a while, for there was a loud ticking coming from the sprayer out on the lawn, and a fall of "rain" which was unnatural in its rhythm. And, next morning, I awoke very early; the machine was still beating away, but there was the sound now of God's rain on the world. I could still hear the Revolving Gardener's Friend throbbing away in a false sort of competition. And as I turned over for another hour of sleep I thought that perhaps our gadget was only some sort of charm or spell; something to cure the impatience of gardeners while the true balance of the seasons was being decided.

END

A Story About A Marriage *Continued from page* 18)

parties, going to race-meetings, holidays. Molly was gay and now that she was able to she did everything in style, without meanness. She took a vivid pleasure, half-worldly and half-innocent, in doing "the right things" and being seen doing them. And the right things drank money. Sometimes, after he had added up the total of the cheques he had signed at a bill-paying session, Frank would say :

"Do you suppose we shall ever have *enough* money? Enough not to worry about it all the time? If only they would lower income tax a bit. . . ." Like everyone in his position Frank had what you might call a mild obsession about taxes. Almost the only way in which he ever wasted time was by making calculations of what his financial position would have been if taxes were as low as they had been when he first qualified. Naturally he took more practical steps as well. He employed a firm of accountants whose job was to squeeze out every penny of expenses, to employ every legitimate trick to increase Tierney's share in his own earnings and cut down the tax collector's.

Yet in the end the chance of playing the biggest legitimate trick of all had come quite unexpectedly. Even since he had pioneered his new operation Tierney had been receiving invitations to lecture and demonstrate abroad. Because he was so busy he had refused them, but some had been kept open, and the most attractive one, which was to spend three months at a famous clinic in San Francisco, continued to tempt him. Then something had happened. The Vice-President of a South American republic had fallen ill and his physicians had cabled Tierney to fly out and operate. The fee which had been suggested was equal to two months of his normal income. Even if he had felt inclined to refuse the telephone call which he had had from the Foreign Office would have changed his mind. The Foreign Secretary was anxious that Tierney should go ("We like chaps like you to show the flag," the official had said in a friendly way) and although nothing was said about it Tierney knew that if he went it would not be forgotten. Molly would like to be Lady Tierney.

Since he was going to cross the Atlantic in any case he decided to accept the San Francisco invitation. Molly had gone with him. When he had operated successfully upon the Vice-President they had been fêted for several days. They had become public figures; neither of them had ever had such fun. The British Ambassador told Tierney that he had spoken warmly of the success of the visit in a dispatch to the Foreign Office. Of course it had been exhausting, and then hospitality in San Francisco had been such as to give them everything but rest. The clinic threw up new ideas, new (*Continued on page* 68)

In a 'dry martini'

better drink

MARTINI

DRY

He: This Dry Martini's a masterpiece.

She: It's a poem on ice, perfection.

He: And so simple. For a Dry Martini what could be more obvious than to make it with Martini Dry?

She: Does anybody doubt it?

He: No-one who knows about mixing a cocktail. After all it's the vermouth that *makes* a cocktail.

Both: And Martini makes the vermouth.

techniques, every day, and Tierney, deeply impressed, had studied them avidly. By the time Molly had to go back to London to get things ready for the boys' Christmas holidays Frank had been very tired, but he felt that it was impossible any longer to refuse the invitation to Cairo; it had come from an old friend of his student days, a man who was now one of the leading surgeons in Egypt. Frank was to spend a week in Cairo, in which he was to give two formal lectures and demonstrate his operation. Then he was to fly home to deal with the work which had been piling up in London.

INSTEAD, he had collapsed. It had happened in his friend's house, after a tiring day, with a party on top of it. Frank had risen from a sofa, and suddenly the room had tilted and he was on his knees; he had been aware of his heart racing as he fell forward unconscious.

"I need 'urdly tell you what it is due to." The eminent physician who had attended him, Dr. Amador, was small and bearded and dark; he was very elegant and spoke English with a slight French accent. "Gadding around in t'ree continents. Lecturing, operating, social life. Gross overwerk."

"I suppose so." The room was large and had in it only a few pieces of modern furniture in light wood. The high shuttered window threw golden bars of light upon the polished floor. It was the best room in the hospital. Tierney felt rested, yet tired, weak and lazy. His hand, lying on the cover, was surprisingly thin. He had been in bed three weeks. Molly had flown out for three days but at his insistence had returned so as not to spoil the boys' holiday.

"When shall I be able to go home?"

"Two weeks before you are able to travel." Tierney had a curious, mixed feeling. He had expected a longer period. "And then a month's rest." The physician had paused for a moment only.

"Impossible, I'm afraid." Tierney laughed, and was disagreeably surprised by the feeble, quavering quality of his laughter. Dr. Amador looked at him for a long moment, then, without a word, drew a small mirror from his inside pocket and held it out to Tierney. It was the first time he had seen himself since his collapse, and the sight shocked him. The physician put his mirror away.

"Tierney," he said, "you're a surgeon, but even as a physician you are not a fool. You know the details of your condition. You know to what it is due. You know that if you repeat the cause you will repeat the result. Only to have the same thing again would be more serious."

"I know. But you see I've been out of England over four months already. I have a lot of work waiting."

"Many people have a lot of work waiting when they die."

"That's comforting."

"I am not trying to comfort you."

"I'll think it over."

HE had thought it over. He knew with a profound knowledge that the doctor was right. He had been overdoing things. He ought to take a long rest, and even when he was back at work he ought to slow down. And he was horribly, deeply tempted. To spend a lazy three weeks out here in the sunshine of Egypt, then perhaps to sail back to England on a slow ship, spend another three weeks pottering about the new house, carpentering perhaps, and getting in a little shooting. . . .

But it was impossible. It was not only the habit of a lifetime of hard work which made it impossible. The fact was that he couldn't afford it. Just before he had fallen ill he had had both a statement from his bank and a letter from Molly. The men who were cutting away the drawing-room wall had discovered that the floor wasn't properly secured. It would be necessary to fit a steel and concrete mat. They were going to send in an estimate. The rent of the London flat had been raised. His club had put up its subscription. Tierney had the familiar Alice-in-Wonderland sensation of having to run as fast as possible in order to stay in the same place. He could certainly be well enough to fly to London in another two weeks. It was out of the question to spend a further six without earning.

It was after he had already reached this conclusion that an idea came to Tierney. It was bright but vague, like the sun rising on a misty morning. Supposing that he remained out of England for a further seven weeks, he would have spent less than half of the financial year within the country. He seemed to remember that in that case he would not be liable to taxation. The idea excited him; although he was feeling very weak and shaky he at once telephoned the Commerical Attaché at the Embassy, whom he had met at the Ambassador's dinner table.

". . . er, well, no, I'm afraid it doesn't work quite like that." When he heard the reaction to his question—the pleasant hesitation of a man sorry to disappoint him—Tierney's spirits fell in a way that was really horrible. Tears came into his eyes, and it was with an effort he kept his voice steady. But the attaché was continuing with his explanations. "The Inland Revenue have to accept you as a non-resident, and they'll do that only if you're going to be out of the country for several years. They're very sticky about it. Still, I can look into it. I'll have a word with H.E. . . . I'm sure he'll help if he can. . . ." Tierney's hand was trembling with effort as he hung up the receiver.

It was five days before he heard from the Embassy, and he believed he had forced himself to give up hope. He was stronger then, less feebly emotional, yet he was excited when he went to the telephone.

"You must have some good friends in London." The voice was urbanely cheerful. "We sold you to the Inland Revenue as a non-resident for one year. With great reluctance—" the voice appeared to be quoting "—as a wholly exceptional measure, etcetera. You'll be getting a letter. . . ."

"SO you see," said Tierney, "I'm paid to be here." He had told the story well, as a superficial anecdote, and Don and Melissa laughed with appreciation. Yet they looked at him admiringly too. They both realized that the trick only paid off for a man with a very large income.

"And to go that hunting trip."

"Yes."

"What hunting trip?" said Melissa.

"Frank wants to come to Canada," said Don. "Wants to take his youngsters to the North West. Up the Mackenzie River maybe." Frank had a vision of the great lonely river, of silent trails of pine needles leading through the illimitable forest, of a lake of extravagant beauty and incredible remoteness. And he imagined the smell of wood smoke and the peculiar odour a gun has, of metal and oil, as it is tucked against the cheek.

"I have a cousin who works in a travel agency. They fix trips like that amongst other things," said Melissa. "I could put you in touch with him."

"I should appreciate that." It was already time to go into lunch, but they sat for a few minutes longer, because to go into lunch would mean the end of the forenoon, would be a movement marking the progress of this day towards its end.

"Would your wife go along?" Melissa asked.

"Well no. You see I thought of getting quite a long way from civilization. It would be rather rough going. Molly doesn't care for that kind of thing much."

"Personally," said Melissa, "I'd as soon join a chain gang. And I bet your wife would too." They all laughed as they got to their feet.

IT was two days later, that, just as they were about to set out for the slopes, Don and Melissa saw Frank Tierney approach them. He was wearing, not skiing kit, but a grey flannel suit. They greeted him with surprise, and smiling faintly he held out a telegram. They read it together. It said:

VERONICA SERIOUSLY ILL STOP WILFRED JARRETT ADVISES IMMEDIATE OPERATION STOP VERONICA DEAD SET YOU SHOULD OPERATE IF WELL ENOUGH STOP JARRETT CABLING YOU FULL DETAILS STOP PLEASE TELEPHONE. It was signed MOLLY.

"Veronica is my wife's godmother," said Tierney.

"What is it?" said Don. In reply Tierney took another telegram from his pocket. It was lengthy, and Don studied it in silence. When he handed it back he said: "How old is she?"

"Sixty-eight." There was a moment's silence.

"I'm sorry about this. It's rugged."

"How long had you to go?" Melissa asked.

"Ten days."

"Oh *God*." It was almost a cry of anguish. "I suppose the tax people wouldn't let you off. I mean if you told them why you came back?" Tierney laughed briefly and shook his head. "Anyway how do they know when you got back?"

"It's stamped in his passport."

"So it is. Oh Frank, I'm so sorry. But you'll come to Canada anyway?"

"I don't know." He smiled. "I'll see. I'd like to have your address anyway." He knew that he would not be going to Canada. They talked for a few minutes, sorry to be parting, yet already, like hotel or shipboard friends, even before they had finally parted, feeling a long way from one another. At last they shook hands very warmly.

As they went out into the sunshine Melissa said:

"This godmother—will she be okay?" Don made a faint noise in his throat.

"That's what makes it really rugged. She's liable to die on the table. She'll never see seventy, anyway. Still maybe she's rich and will leave them all her money. Frank seemed to take the disappointment pretty lightly, at that. Maybe he knows something, huh?"

AND in fact Frank, sitting in the aircraft that was taking him back to the freezing damp of February London, did know something. Veronica Oldershaw was indeed rich; richer than Don could readily have imagined. But her fortune would not come to the Tierneys. She had an adored nephew and niece, she had been active in charitable causes all her life and was not likely to forget them in the contemplation of death, and she had several god-children other than Molly. For that matter she had already been generous to Molly in Frank's struggling days.

"There'll be something for Molly when one of your colleagues finally botches a job on me," she had said once to Frank. "But it won't be much. Some geegaws perhaps. Molly's all right after all, thanks to your not being as incompetent as the general run of doctors, and I have death duties to think about. They'll take about a third you know." Frank remembered that they had had a talk on a subject that lay near both their hearts. He had always enjoyed being with Veronica. She had a personality with flavour, rather tart, eccentric and set on having her own way like the great heiress she had been, but very kind. Frank had always been fond of her. He hoped he would not botch the job on her. He did not intend to.

Nor did he. It was a difficult operation, with anxiety about the patient's heart and her reactions to anaesthetics, but it was successful. Tierney and the anaesthetist congratulated one another with real feeling, and when, in due course, Veronica entered upon her convalescence, Tierney congratulated the Sister who was responsible for her nursing. They none of them, of course, had any illusions about what they had done. It was unlikely that Veronica would live two years, but they might well have given her eighteen months. On the other hand she was liable to die any day. It was curious that Veronica, so shrewd and even suspicious, did not realize this. She didn't realize it at all. She didn't know how ill she was, didn't realize how serious the operation had been. When she spoke to Frank about the operation she was still in pain and she asked him if he was sure he hadn't left a pair of scissors in there.

Frank took up the routine of his life again. Because of the long time he had spent without earning he had to (*Continued on page 70*)

Raymond (raymond)
Hair (hair)
Scissors (scissors)
Comb (comb)
Sleek (sleek)
Flip (flip)
Comb (comb)
Teasie (weasie)
Silver Lustre (just a touch, now, a touch)
Comb (comb)
Hair (hair, HAIR)
Yours? (yours!)

Raymond

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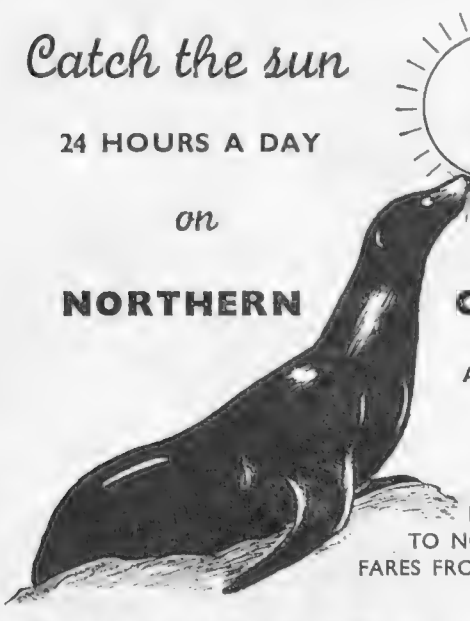

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work harder than ever, consulting and operating by day, studying papers and new publications far into the night. Molly, as usual, looked after him, saw that he got enough sleep, that he rested at weekends. Late in the year they all four had a short motoring holiday in Italy, doing it cheaply. Frank, from some kind of obscure instinct about the cup and the lip, had not told Molly in advance about how he had hoped to save a year's income tax, and she had not realized the position. There was no point in telling her now.

IT was in October that, returning home one evening, Frank was mildly surprised to see a bottle of champagne in its pail awaiting him in the drawing-room. Molly was standing beside it, and as he looked at her he saw that her eyes seemed to reflect the gaiety of that gay sight.

"Celebration?" he said. He was very tired, but he smiled as she came forward and kissed him.

"Yes."

"What?"

"It's a long story. Darling—" she laughed —"I've been deceiving you. At least holding out on you. Open the bottle and I'll tell you." With a glass in her hand she said: "To a windfall."

"A windfall?" He felt quite stupid; he had no idea what it was about. But he took a sip of champagne.

"Five years ago," said Molly, "Veronica settled six thousand pounds on me. She made me promise not to touch it until she was gone, because it was to remember her by. She said if I spent it before I would be angry about not being in her will."

"How very like her."

"Yes. Now listen. She told me if she died within five years the gift would be liable for death duties. In that case things were so arranged that I should only get four thousand. If Veronica lived for five years I got all six. The five years were up at midday today.

A Story About A Marriage

It's all set out in her solicitor's letter."

"Well. That's nice news."

"Frank—I swore to myself not to tell you until it was safe. In case. . . ."

"I understand how you felt," said Frank speaking the truth and smiling. "What do you mean to do with the six thousand?"

"I've got it all worked out. One thousand is for the house and three thousand to invest."

"But the other two?" Molly walked over to him and put her hands and her head against his chest.

"They are yours, my dear. She wouldn't be alive but for you." She spoke with a catch in her throat. She was very fond of Veronica.

"What makes you think that?" He patted her back.

"I haven't been a surgeon's wife for twenty years for nothing. Darling—I'm so glad you should have it. I wish you'd buy something special that you want with some of it. Something you wouldn't have thought of otherwise. Is there something? You could get it at once. In the circumstances the promise doesn't apply, does it?" Frank sat down on the sofa, and Molly sat beside him, holding his hand. She was a little flushed, excited, emotional. She was still beautiful.

"As a matter of fact, dearest," Frank began. "I've been holding out on you. I'll tell you. . . ."

"MY dear Melissa," the letter ran, "I dare say you will hardly remember me . . . if you could in fact put me in touch with your cousin I should be most grateful. I should however tell you that my wife, Molly, has overcome her doubts, and will be coming along. Something rather less rugged than we originally planned. . . ."

"I *bet*," said Melissa, "I *bet* they finish up playing golf at Banff Springs."

END

Teatime for smart people means —
"BERMALINE"
THE DELICIOUS MALT-SUGAR BREAD
Ask your Baker for it!

The Sun In The Morning

(*Continued from page 32*)

window with its narrow steel framing and integral central plate glass door is built in. To complete the effect of "bringing the garden indoors" a display cabinet of glass with glass front and back to give a feeling of lightness and openness to the garden is stood on the left of the window, and carries plants in contemporary pots. The two on the left incidentally are inverted milk coolers obtainable from multiple stores.

To the right of the window more plants grow in pots in a metal stand.

Beyond the window, the terrace continues the effect of "oneness" with the room, with contemporary garden furniture repeating the style of the new indoor furnishings. The terrace itself is paved with flagstones, alternating with odd squares of pebbles set in cement. On the right there is a low retaining wall of stone carrying a tubular steel frame and wires, for climbing plants growing from the top of the wall.

The remainder of the modifications to the room are of a comparatively minor character, carried out with the dual object of achieving a more liveable, less musty, contemporary appeal and creating a general setting in harmony with the "picture window." The chimney breast is widened with a false front and a new fireplace of more practical design built-in. The frame is of ply-wood with a fluted asbestos or aluminium front, and the whole, besides incorporating an "all-night" fire of simple design, also has that useful and so-often overlooked feature, a built-in log-basket. Shelves in alcoves are of wood supported by steel rods.

Final touch to the room itself is the abolition of the old-fashioned, inefficient, dust-collecting light fitting and its replacement by built-in ceiling lights for general illumination, supplemented by a direct-light floor standard and a hanging fitment over the writing corner. The new ceiling lights are of standard "office" pattern with green-backed shades let in between the joists, the whole original ceiling, with its dust-trap moulding being replaced by hardboard with circular holes cut and glazed with frosted glass below the lights.

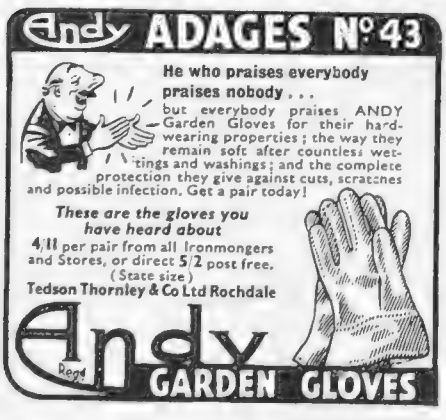
Cost: necessarily today you can't carry out a job like this for next-to-nothing. Still, professionally done, the window (including the fitting of the girder) and the new fireplace should not work out at more than about £125 in round figures. The rest of the work is within the scope of the handyman. Ceiling board costs about 1s. to 1s. 6d. a square foot, and the light fittings and shelving material are obtainable quite cheaply.

For the treatment of the typical small "area" normally found outside the living-room window, two other suggestions are shown. The prime requirements being shelter from the wind and privacy—two ways of achieving this without excessive cost are indicated.

The first envisages a covered veranda that will give shade from a hot sun, shelter from a sudden shower (long enough to get indoors !) and yet provide a readily detachable top so that light is not shut off from the room in the dark days. The structure simply consists of 1-in. steel tubing (about 1s. a foot) painted white, and supporting a gaily striped canvas awning, tied to the poles and hooks on the house wall above the window. At one end a large sheet of obscured reeded glass (about 1s. 9d. a square foot) set in a metal frame and mounted on a low retaining wall gives privacy and protection from the wind. Plants grow up stakes or wires from earth in the top of the wall. An exotic touch are the bamboos growing in large, flat pots.

Our second scheme is simple, very inexpensive, but gives shelter and privacy. A wattle screen at one side catches the wind blast, but is movable if wanted or dismantled completely. Plants and shrubs in large pots give further privacy and the decorative touch. The plants on the left are set in concrete sections cut from large drain-pipes, with pebbles covering the surface.

END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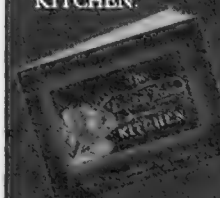

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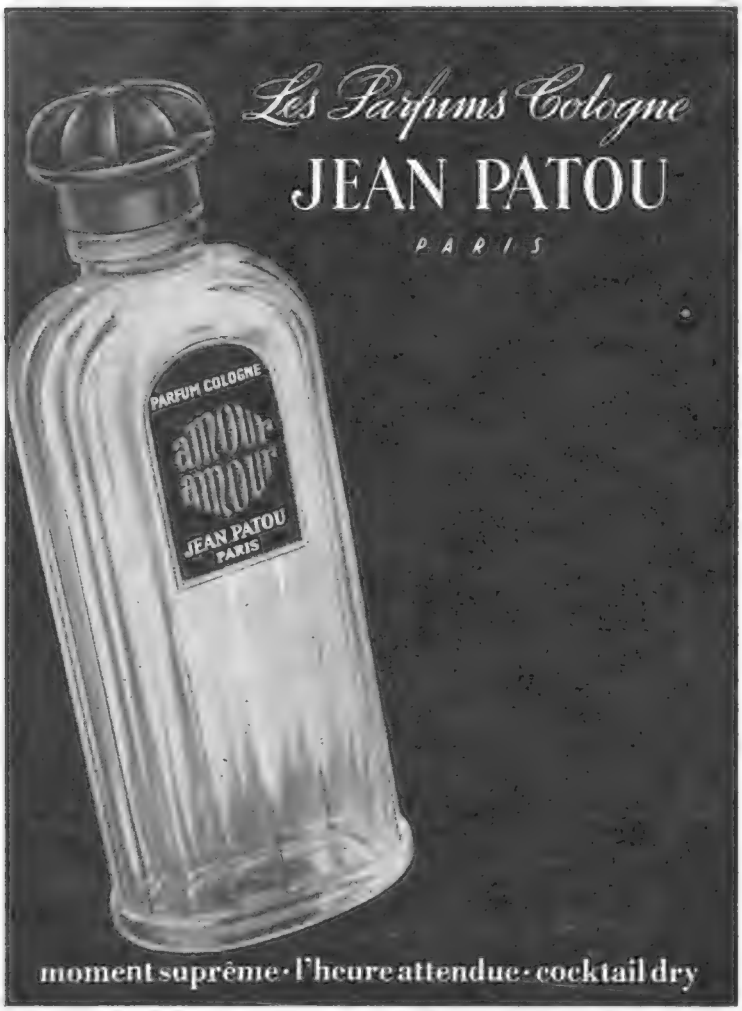

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Moment Of Disquiet

(*Continued from page* 30)

action, could never remember not doing it. Suddenly there was a rush, a thump, and a scatter of stones all round her. Her heart leapt into a gallop of fear. Then she saw that a young soldier had jumped the jetty and just missed landing on top of her. "Hi, look out!" she cried as he picked himself up.

"Coo, sorry!" he said, "didn't know there was anybody there." Her heart steady again, she said evenly, "It doesn't matter, but you made me jump."

Hardly conscious of the child, the soldier sat down a few feet from her, took off his hot-looking khaki cap and pushed his heels, in the harsh army boots, into the unresisting shingle. "Coo, it's hot!" he said.

His face had an unformed look, the skin brown and clear, the nose blunt, the hair thick. His hands were the heaviest Chris had ever seen. The child could feel vicariously the rasping tickle of the coarse tunic, put her hand to her throat as though it also were encased. "Why don't you take your top off?" she suggested.

He darted a glance at her, then looked quickly away across the sea. "Good idea," he said, and pulled off the tunic. He eased the striped braces over his arms and opened the neck of his thick shirt. "That's better." With a sigh he lay back on the bed of pebbles and shut his eyes. Childlike, she felt him going away from her, recognized her ladies-in-the-drawing-room voice when she said, "Would you like to borrow my sun glasses?" to bring him back.

"No thanks; used to it."

There was the silence of youth between them, both too young to feel the need of sustained conversation. Chris picked up a handful of broken shells, shook them in her cupped hands. Their sharp edges teasing her soft palms, she flung them aside and chose a flat cinnamon stone, smooth and comforting. She wondered if the soldier were asleep. Soldier! For the first time his significance was born in on her. Soldiers were heroes. With a wave of excitement she realized that she had never spoken to a soldier before in her life. She wanted to lean over and touch his arm; then she could always tell, *I've touched a soldier.*

Instead, she said quietly, "What's your name?"

"Fred," he said, not opening his eyes.

You might ask me mine. As the thought drifted into her subconscious he half turned his head to her and squinting under the sun's glare said, "What's yours?"

"Christine." Then her head sang Christine, Christine, Christine until the word had no meaning any more; it might just as well have been tomato.

There were so many things she wanted to ask him but suddenly she felt shy of him, lying there. His chest was beginning to glisten with minute drops of sweat. The relentless light showed a small scar on his neck where a boil had been. Chris shifted her position. "I'm going to have my bathe now." Her voice was prim.

"O.K. by me," the soldier said

HE seemed unaware of her struggles to get her arms out of her frock, her scrabblings to remove the matching knickers. She kicked off her sandals and stood up in a white swimsuit, indifferent to the sharpness of the shingle under her bare feet. "Look after my things," she said. He grunted and didn't bother to watch her as she ran down the beach.

She went straight into the familiar arms of the sea, swam under the water for a moment or two. *Perhaps he'll think I'm drowned if I don't come up soon.* She surfaced and swam a yard or two on her back, the better to keep an eye on the soldier. Then she turned over in the water and swam to the next breakwater. There were quick warm patches that she was through before she had time to realize them; her hand touched the slimy softness of a jellyfish. Reaching the jetty, she climbed carefully on to the slippery seaweed of it, and stood for a moment. The soldier was still lying as she had left him. Her need for an audience made her call, "Coo—ee, watch me!" and all the generations of children who had gone before her, cried, watch me, watch me, as she dived. Obligingly he sat up, yawned and ran his hands through his hair. She surfaced in the shallow water near him, called, "Did I do it well? Am I a good diver?"

"Fair enough," he called back.

The child came out of the satin sea, dripping from elbows and chin. Her embryo breasts lifted under the white swimsuit as she combed her dark hair with her fingers.

Chris flopped down beside the boy.

"Pass me my towel."

Digging his heels afresh into the stones, he leaned over and stretched till he grasped the edge of the striped towel; jerked it towards her. With surprising gentleness he draped it over her wet shoulders. She huddled into its folds.

"Don't you want to bathe?"

"No togs," he said, and sank back on to the shingle as if exhausted by his efforts. She rubbed hard at her arms and thin childish thighs. With an innate gallantry he lay with his eyes closed and fumbled until he had gathered up her dress, knickers and sandals, then dropped them at her feet. With a few deft movements she was dressed again, and all the promise of womanhood was gone, as though a hand had passed over her. She was a little girl again, in a check frock.

Sitting there beside him, she longed to know all about him, but something of inherent wisdom warned her it was too soon.

She said, "Fred, why don't you come down tomorrow afternoon and have a bathe?" Then added in a slightly schoolmarm voice, "It would do you good." She must see him again, she couldn't let such hero material slip through her fingers for ever. He sat up and yawned, "Don't mind if I do. If I can get away."

That was too vague. She had to be sure. "Promise," she urged, "cross your heart." For the first time he smiled at her. "Cross my heart, and the sergeant major's." What had the sergeant major to do with it, she wanted to know.

"Everything," Fred said. Then he told her he was in camp just outside the town. Under canvas, he called it. Chris saw an army of toy soldiers living in little houses made of deckchairs.

When she left him he was still lying as if completely enervated.

A waiter was setting teatables in the garden, under the cedar tree. Chris flopped into a chair, watching him. When he had finished his game with cups and plates and spoons she asked him to tell her father she was there.

Soon he came out to her, across the tennis courts, and she knew again the surge of pride she always had in him. She loved the way he always looked as though he had just had a bath. She ran to meet him and flung her arms round his chest. "Daddy, I've had such an adventure, and I believe I've found another hero for my album." They walked together back to her chosen table. Other guests began to drift out of the hotel, down paths, round corners, anticipating tea.

CHRIS poured his tea just as he liked it: tea in first, then a very little milk. No sugar. Her father dropped into a wicker chair and took the cup from her. Then she told him all about the soldier, Fred. His eyes narrowed slightly, he was grave as he listened, but Chris was too excited to notice. He asked her many questions.

When they had finished tea Chris sat on the close shaved lawn at his feet. Picking a surviving daisy, she said, "May I ask Fred to tea tomorrow?"

Better to know the worst. "Of course darling, if you think he'd like to come." Sagely she nodded, "It would be such a change for him —he's under canvas you know." She looked quickly at her father to see if he were befogged by the new phrase. Apparently not.

The next day Fred was on the beach before her, lying in exactly the same spot as she had left him the day before. The idea came to her that he had been there all night, had not even moved. She greeted him, "The sergeant-major let you come then?"

"He's O.K." Fred smiled up at her.

They swam together and raced each other the width of the breakwaters. Today a flurry wind whipped the sea into scurrying activity. Chris was breathless when they came out of the water. They lay, letting the sun and the wind dry the saltiness on their bodies, pulled their clothes with difficulty over the stickiness that remained.

Chris knew she mustn't waste time, today. Must find out all about Fred's probable heroism before they left for tea. Sitting close beside him she started her attack.

"Do you like being a soldier, Fred?"

"It's O.K."

"But, isn't it awful—killing people?"

He laughed easily, "There's more spud bashing than killing." Another incomprehensible phrase, but she dismissed it in the way that children are forever forced to abandon the oblique.

"Fred," she twitched at his shirt sleeve, "are you ever afraid when you're fighting?" She crossed her fingers, waiting for his reply.

"Coo, you are a one!" He tossed back his head and something in his throat rippled up and down. She was deadly serious. "You know, battles with Bren guns, flame throwers and . . . pompoms."

The sun was slaked by a drift of cottonwool. In the soft pellucid light he looked at her, seemed to see her clearly for the first time. "Are you trying to take the micky out of me, kiddo?"

She smiled into his eyes, her own spilling over with her admiration for him. Eagerly she tried to make him understand. "Fred, don't you see? You're the first soldier I've ever spoken to, I want to hear all about the battles you've fought. They're like history. Do tell me."

So that was what the kid was getting at.

The full bottom lip jutted out, a boyish glint came into his eyes. Suddenly he shot up, his back rigid, his shoulders tensed. He clutched an imaginary Sten gun, gave Chris a quick look to be sure of her attention, then narrowed his eyes, "We was in Malaya," he began, "with Japs all round us and the awful heat. There wasn't a sound except the rustlings of snakes in the undergrowth; it was midnight and there was a full moon. We advanced in single file, not daring to speak a word. Every time a leaf moved it made you jump out of your skin: it might have been a Jap sniper. They were everywhere. . . ."

"Go on!" Chris breathed heavily at his elbow. She was just behind him in the grim crocodile file, ready with bandages, the iodine, an anaesthetic.

Fred fixed his eyes on the tumbling sea.

"THE sweat was pouring down our faces, we could hardly see out of our eyes, I was creeping along just behind our C.O. when there was a zi—ng, and he fell at my feet. He lay quite still and looked as though he'd had it. Keeping my eyes skinned for snipers, I managed to get him on my back and I crawled with him to our lines. . . ." Modesty or fatigue overcame him; he sank back into his usual stretched out length on the warm pebbles.

Chris's eyes were alight, her hunch had come off.

"I knew it, I knew the second I saw you that you were a hero!"

He took a cigarette from a squashed pack, made a great business of lighting it in his cupped hands.

Chris had hunched up her knees, was clutching them with tight hands. She was still in Malaya. "Tell me some more," sharp with suspense.

"Come off it, a kid like you don't want to hear such things." He rummaged in his tunic for a comb, ran its cheap pinkness through his hair. Because it was still damp, tramlines ran up to the parting.

"Go on. I said go *on*!"

He inhaled greedily at the cigarette, thought hard.

"There was that time during the doodle (*Continued on page* 75)

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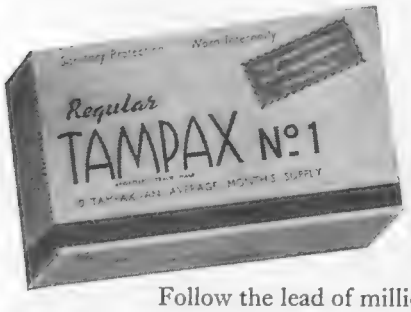

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Beginners Please!

(*Continued from page* 36)

prepare your smartest dress or suit of any other colour, well aware of the value of a V-neck for adding grace to the lower part of your face; and of the treachery of broad stripes or checks. Although your legs and feet are unlikely to show, new nylons and well-polished shoes, like the facial, have a stimulating effect on the mind.

Then comes the Day.

If you are to appear in an afternoon programme, a car will call for you in London at about 10 a.m.; if you come from the country, it will meet your train.

The studio looks enormous. Lights pour down from the rows of electric lamps overhead; more light pours out from moveable uprights. You are as dazzled and warmed as though you were stepping on to a beach on a summer's day: and walking is just about as hazardous, for electric cables of various thicknesses curl about all over the floor from the cameras and microphones, from the lights and "monitors" (which are the small television sets dotted about the studio, in which can be seen the picture being sent out to viewers.)

But, of course, you cannot sort all this out at once. You sit in a corner, watching somebody else being rehearsed.

Then comes your turn. You will probably have the support of a commentator so that once the studio manager has seated you beside her, talking to her is just as easy as if there were no cameras or microphone near you.

If you have anything to show the viewers, picking your props up and putting them down has to be carefully rehearsed so that they can be seen to the best advantage.

The afternoon run-through of the whole programme is only stopped when the producer wants to make some small amendment.

Meanwhile, one by one, the performers are drawn away to the make-up room where anything from a small pimple to a set of double chins is miraculously painted out. Powder and powder base is slightly yellower than is generally used by day, giving you a healthy sun-tanned look. Lipstick is darker. Fair eye-brows and eye-lashes are emphasized with eye-brow pencil and mascara. Good points are cunningly enhanced with paint brushes.

Just before zero hour a hush falls on the studio. So friendly is the atmosphere that the suspense is barely noticeable, but it is there all the same. The studio manager holds up his hand: Everybody watches it, waiting. He brings it down as a signal to the commentator to begin to speak. She smiles and speaks. The programme is on the air.

Only when you are sitting under the cameras yourself, waiting for the small red light which tells you which camera is on you, do you send out an S O S from your heart to your relations and close friends who you know are going to watch you.

Then, almost without noticing it, you find yourself talking naturally. You might be at home in the same room as your own people (and so, as far as they are concerned, you are).

You talk on, unafraid and looking without any difficulty into the camera.

Almost before you realize it, your performance is over. Quietly you creep back into the apparent confusion of the middle of the studio to watch the rest of the programme. By now the other people's performances have become almost as personal to you as your own. Their "coming across" well seems to matter to you as much as it does to them.

Back in your dressing-room you find cold-cream and tissues, left by the make-up girls, for removing all material traces of your brief leap into the public eye. But traces can never be removed from your memory. This is a day out quite unlike any you have ever had before. You will look back on it on dull days as one of your more unforgettable experiences.

END

Evangeline

(*Continued from page* 39)

bottom of Clay Hill, and was in Kilburn before noon.

He was on his way back with a full load of manure from the stables. It was again evening and Watford was near. He was nursing the load down Clay Hill, the skid pan on the rear wheel screeching, the old mare slipping desperately, Jonathan holding her up by the head. A carriage passed, brakes thudding, two horses stepping hard. A hand waved. The carriage shuddered to a halt a little farther down the hill. The elegant figure of Miss Evangeline got down and walked quickly up towards where Jonathan strained.

For once Jonathan was not sorry to stop for a moment. He coaxed his mare to a careful standstill, pushed a great flint from the roadway under the off wheel and stood towering in his Hertfordshire smock.

Miss Evangeline seemed incensed. "You might have killed yourself, Biggerstaffe," she scolded, looking up at him with bright eyes. "It is a most dangerous thing'"

Jonathan tried to look serious. "But it's nothing out of the way, lady," he said, "we all has to come down this hill."

"It may be all right for the others, Biggerstaffe. But you get overheated. See, you are sweating now. And it is so cold."

Jonathan looked puzzled. "I feel no cold, lady, my blood's that warm," he said.

"Is it, Jonathan?" asked Miss Evangeline. And she stamped her foot and went away from him.

Jonathan shook his head as he watched the carriage get into motion and plunge down the last slope towards Watford.

The turn of the year came. The months began their slow ascent towards high summer. In early March Jonathan was harrowing the old pasture above Plantation Wood. As he turned at the woodland corner Miss Evangeline stood, waiting.

Jonathan had grown accustomed by now to the fact that the lady liked to talk with him. But he could never understand why this should be. He was well aware that he had no conversational gifts.

As he approached, Evangeline called to him.

"How green the grass looks, Biggerstaffe."

"Yes that does, lady."

"And how sweetly the birds sing, Biggerstaffe. Do you hear how loudly that lark trills?"

"That does indeed, Mam."

"Everything is so beautiful in the spring, Biggerstaffe. Tell me now, isn't it?"

Jonathan looked around him with some interest. Yes; there was no doubt. Miss Evangeline was right. Everything did look very pretty. He nodded, not yet used to this thought.

"Do I look beautiful, Jonathan?"

Jonathan started at the question. "I don't know, lady. I can't say as I've looked."

She stood before him, her dark hair shining against white blackthorn blossom. She was smiling hard. "Then look now!"

Jonathan felt extremely awkward and wished himself well out of this situation, for he did not know what to say or do.

"I gladly will, lady." Then he shook his head. Quicker than flicker of sunlight Evangeline had smacked him sharply on the face.

She came close to him at once. "Jonathan, oh Jonathan I have hurt you." She lay two trembling hands on his breast.

"It doesn't notice."

"Oh you unfeeling brute!" another blow nearly brought tears to his eyes.

Evangeline stood back from him against the spinney fence. She looked very frightened and she was breathing fast.

"Well Jonathan," she said, in a voice pitched too high.

"Well, don't stare. Get on with your work, Biggerstaffe."

"Yes, Mam, of (*Continued on page* 76)

bugs. You've heard of doodle bugs?" She nodded quickly, yes, she'd heard of doodle bugs, at least she thought she had.

"Right. One day on the south coast they were coming over quicker than you could count them. I was on a Bofors gun crew. We shot down three straight off. Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, down they come like sacks of coal." He flicked ash from the cigarette. "We got a medal for that."

She shuddered with joy; he had proved himself. Now all she needed was his photograph. Casually she said, "I collect heroes, Fred. You know, like some people collect stamps or matchboxes. Have you got a photograph I could stick in my special album?"

He was uneasy, "You don't want. . . ."

"But I *do*."

He eased himself on to one elbow and took a leatherette wallet from his tunic pocket, and thumbed through old letters grey at the edges, army pay book and his pools coupons. Then he passed her a snapshot of himself.

"Fred, will you come back to tea with me? Daddy said so." He looked down at his sparse fingernails. This was more than he had bargained for. "Don't know about that . . . got to get back to camp." She was desolated, "But I've told Daddy, he's expecting you."

Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. "O.K." he said, "let's get weaving."

Her father was waiting when they arrived off the bus; had been pacing up and down the drive for a quarter of an hour. Nothing showed on his face. He welcomed the boy when Chris said, "Daddy, this is Fred!"

They had tea in the dining-room because men like to get their feet under a table. Graham Rossiter kept the conversation flowing in easy untrammelled channels; Fred became less stiff. Crumbling her Dundee cake on her plate, Chris brought out her ace, "Fred's a hero you know, Daddy. He's done tremendous things in battle."

The room suddenly seemed unbearably hot, to Fred, "Turn it up, kid," he said.

"No, *really* he is." She looked imploringly at her father.

Her father rescued her. "Perhaps Fred would like to see your album, darling. Run upstairs and fetch it."

Chris rushed out of the room and the father turned to the soldier, offered a pigskin case, said evenly, "How long have you been in the army, Fred?"

Something rose in Fred's throat, a nerve throbbed in his temple. Then his eyes creased in a boyish grin, "Six weeks, sir!"

"Ahhhh . . ." the father expelled the cigarette smoke in a long breath. Their eyes met, man to man: they knew what women were.

The child came running back into the room:

"Here it is, Fred. Take it while I open the pastepot." He held the coals of fire gingerly. She was holding her breath, it was a time of import. Both men watched the child as with gravity she found the page that was worthy of him, slap opposite the smiling gallantry of the Duke of Edinburgh.

When they saw him off, Graham Rossiter shook hands. "I'm glad to have known you, Fred."

Arms round each other they went back into the hotel. A small cloud was on the child's face, "I *wish* Fred had told you some of the brave things he told me."

Her father squeezed her tight. "Heroes are usually shy," he said.

END

Ladies Not For Burning

(*Continued from page* 45)

or the cream type according to which best suits the needs of your skin.

Dry skins which tend to dry out excessively and wrinkle when sun scorched are perhaps best suited with an oil such as Elizabeth Arden's Suntan Oil, which keeps the skin well lubricated. It is easy to apply over large areas of legs and back. Nivea Sunning Oil in its new spray container is easy to apply as it is sprayed on the skin where required.

Mature skins which want more than usual protection against drying up, want a sun filter cream which combines special emollient properties. Right at the other end of the scale, there is a protective cream which cuts out the majority of the sun's rays and prevents tanning altogether. Very delicate skins which burn and freckle alarmingly may prefer not to tan at all, but to use this cream in a bronze shade and simulate the tan with make-up.

Suntan creams suit the normal and average skins and complexions. They can be creamy and give a sheeny, polished look to the skin like Innoxa's coffee-tinted Tan, or a matt finish like Nivea Sunfilta Cream. Tinted suntan preparations give a becoming colour to pale skins and mask that just-crawled-out-from-under-a-stone look that afflicts most people at the beginning of the summer.

As for make-up itself, this is the season when the new combined foundation powder comes into its own. Helena Rubinstein has very aptly called hers "Minute Make-up," because it provides virtually a complete make-up for no more than a dab of powder. The beach is no place for a full scale facial "do," yet who doesn't need it after a few hours' sunning? The slim little compact which slips easily into the beach bag will provide the full answer.

If even the best suntan preparation has not protected you from too much sun, don't torment the skin further by washing it with soap and water. Cleanse instead with Cleansing Oil, which will float away the dirt with a minimum of discomfort. Then a soothing cream patted into the scorched skin will go a long way to repairing the damage. The skin will peel, of course, but with luck the peeling will be merely superficial and your tan will still be an even brown all over

END

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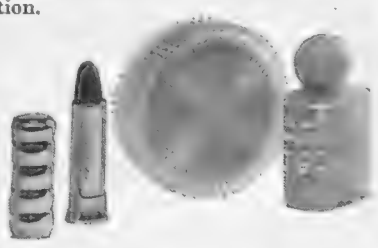

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course." said Jonathan, and he went back to his horses and his harrow.

Yet, in spite of this affray, as spring warmed and ripened so Miss Evangeline's sudden appearances became more frequent. "Worse than they flies," said Jonathan to himself one morning, as, after a few aimless remarks, the wilful young creature had left him abruptly, her cheeks flaming. "'Tis to be hoped I didn't upset her," he pondered, rubbing his ear. "But a big fool I'd look picking bluebells. What would master say?"

But her visits did not interfere with his work, or, only once. It was a hot afternoon of May. Jonathan was seeking a couple of strayed heifers. The grass on Springfield was knee-high, nearly ripe for the scythe. He kept close to the top hedge so as to get a view down into Latimer Bottom where Miss Evangeline had said she had seen them.

He nearly tripped over her as she lay deep in lush verdure one small hand over her eyes, her limbs stretched in immodest abandon.

As Jonathan lurched to a standstill she uncovered her face and looked up at him.

"Ah! Biggerstaffe," she said.

"I be going after they heifers," said he, his face showing confusion.

"In such haste? Stay and rest a moment. It is so warm. Don't you feel it warm, Biggerstaffe?"

Jonathan stood where he was with the lady at his feet. The air smelt of herbs and was drowsy with the din of insects. A ravenous sun was licking the colour from the encircling woods. Only in the warm privacy of close surroundings did colour riot in leaf and grass, in dog rose and butterfly...

"Come and rest by me for a moment," Evangeline said her face pale and strained.

"Dursen't do it," Jonathan hastened to explain. "They heifers'll be over the brook else."

"Jonathan."

"Yes, Miss Evangeline."

"Oh nothing, Biggerstaffe. Go away, do."

He went gratefully, as Miss Evangeline flung herself round and lay face downward in the grass. He noticed that her attitude still lacked restraint and, indeed, decorum.

Though puzzled, Jonathan did not let such incidents prey upon his peace of mind. His betters, he knew, were all subject to inexplicable whims and pranks. He had, of course, been brought up not to be astonished by anything the gentry said or did.

But his upbringing had evidently not been thorough enough.

He was grinding a scythe in the yard on the Sunday afternoon following. He looked up at a noise. Mr. Horace Mundsley was storming out of the side door. His mouth was agape, white moustaches twitching, face bright red. What he was shouting Jonathan could not make out: but as he brandished a horsewhip and was approaching rapidly, Jonathan concluded that he was out of favour and ran quickly away.

He did not go back. The limits of eccentricity had been overstepped. Within a week

Jonathan was squatting with bullock-like resignation in the steerage quarters of the good ship Hanby. He was bound for the diggings in Australia.

It would be a pleasure to record that in that far place Jonathan found riches. It would be congenial to describe his return, opulent but vulgar; and, of course, generous. But the truth is that he worked very hard in many different ways and earned little more in Sheepwash than he had in Hadford.

Within six years, still endowed with magnificent physique, Nature's sole gift to him, Jonathan was back in Hadford village.

He did not seek employment again at Hadford Hall. He did entertain the idea; for he learned that Miss Evangeline had married and was gone, so that he could look forward to working undisturbed. But so he could elsewhere, he reasoned; and became cowman at a farm across the valley.

The lovely Miss Mundsley, they said, had married a stiff, dried-up looking gentleman from somewhere in the North. She was a Mrs. Partridge now in a great stone house among sheep and rocks.

JONATHAN himself, of course, did not marry. He did not know of any particular reason why he should. And so he worked and lived neighbourly and having got comfortably over on the other side of the prime of life was settling down to the pleasurable process of gradual decay when Mrs. Partridge came back in 1881 to Hadford village.

Old Mr. Mundsley had been dead for some years. Mr. Partridge too, it appears, had died in his dried-up, stiff way and Evangeline was left, uncherished, childless and a widow. So Mrs. Partridge, brisk and sharp, reopened her childhood home and gratefully reasserted herself in Hadford.

They say that when she was told that Jonathan Biggerstaffe was still unmarried she seemed extremely vexed. And it may have been for that reason that she gave him such a whacking when she saw him on her first Sunday morning sidling past her for a second time after nearly thirty years.

But why she should continue to do so with such subsequent regularity would take, it would seem, a doctor to explain. And doctors in those days took no pleasure in explaining such matters.

And then, at length, to marry him, considering the difference in station, well, "It waren't natcheral," as everyone said. Except to Evangeline and, perhaps, even to Jonathan.

Yes, particularly to Jonathan. For it was generally remarked that ever after, from the first morning they went to church as man and wife, it was Jonathan who led the way into church, Mrs. Biggerstaffe following with delighted docility. It was "natcheral alright," the way she looked up at him with devotion to his manly frame, and with respect to the umbrella which he carried so firmly.

END

Entrée To A Big Occasion (*Continued from page* 41)

this Royal occasion as on less exalted ones.

In days when one dressed for the theatre stalls as a matter of course, the question of what to wear never arose. Nowadays, however, an invitation to a theatre and "to go on somewhere afterwards" can present a dilemma. Many of the night clubs have relaxed their rules about evening dress, although it still operates, for instance, at the "400." But a safe rule of thumb for an entrée into café society is to wear evening dress. You will never find youself embarrassed because you have dressed, but you might if you haven't.

But if the invitation is for dinner and a theatre afterwards, there is the strongest possibility these days that your host will turn up in a lounge suit. So a theatre dress steers a safe middle course between dressing up and not being too dressy. If the theatre dress has not been as clearly defined as the theatre hat (which is a charming piece of nonsense without attenuated trimmings which can be an anti-social menace in the stalls), it is, nevertheless, something pretty but not too uncovered, and many practical women have found that a cocktail suit will do double duty as a restaurant-theatre dress, with the requisite change of millinery.

This applies to opera, too, with the great exception of Glyndebourne. You would be one of many in theatre dress at Covent Garden, but for Glyndebourne it must be evening dress and you will take your place among the crowd at Victoria Station, conspicuous in decolleté at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Here is the entrée to the big occasion as it stands now. It is a fluid situation, based mainly on good sense, good manners and good taste, rather than on any rigid code. Doing the right thing is a question of steering a delicate course between the Scylla of convention and the Charybdis of informality, with the telephone as a good friend in a dilemma.

END

Dear Prue . . . (*Continued from page 54*)

school. He treated one child so affectionately that Prue asked him if the little girl was his. When he replied that she was, Prue said at once, "Then I beg that she may be mine, too." They took her home and Prue brought the little girl up as her own.

After this episode, Steele's letters were even more tender :

Dear Prue,

. . . there are not words to express the tenderness I have for you. Love is too harsh a word for it . . . if you knew how my heart springs with joy when you smile upon me. . . . Good Prue, write me word that you will be overjoyed at my return to you.

His love could take the time-honoured form of a little present of some delicacy for which the lady had a special weakness.

Dear Prue,

I send you sevenpennyworth of walnuts at five a penny; which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being, with my whole heart,

Yours, Richard Steele.

P.S.—There are but twenty-nine walnuts.

The Steeles' first child, Elizabeth, was born in 1709, one of her godfathers being Joseph Addison. Just one week later, *The Tatler* was launched. Success followed success. The following year, Steele was appointed Commissioner of the Stamp Office and he writes whimsically to Prue,

Dear Prue,

I desire you to dress yourself decently before you appear before me, for I will not be so easily satisfied as I have been, being now in a fair way of being a great man.

The death of her mother brought Prue some property in Wales and she decided she must go to Carmarthenshire to settle her estates. Steele objected, but Prue insisted on getting her own way. In exasperated affection, Steele wrote,

Dear Prue,

Pray take care of yourself. I love you to distraction for I cannot be angry at anything you do, let it never be so odd or unexpected to the tenderest of husbands.

There are frequent references to the children, of whom they now had four. In one letter, their father says,

My dear, dear Prue,

Whether I love you *because you are the mother of the children, or* them *because* you *are their mother, I know not, but I am sure that I am growing a very covetous creature for the sake of both of you.*

In 1718, the long correspondence ended. Prue had been expecting another child. For a time everything went well, then she became ill suddenly and within a few weeks was dead, at the early age of forty.

Steele was stunned by grief. Life without Prue was unimaginable. He had always visualized long years of happy married life for them both together. In one of the first of the four hundred letters he had said . . .

"Our days will pass away with joy and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, will give us hope of eternal youth in a better life."

END

Can't Do A Thing With It

(*Continued from page 47*)

it up, partly because he believed good grooming as essential to masculine "beauty" as to feminine and it had somehow not occurred to anyone before that men's features differ as much as women's but, partly—dare it be said?—because so often women themselves made what he calls "unreasonable demands."

Some would arrive with a photograph of a well-known actress or model and, regardless of the fact that their features were quite different, would demand "a hair-do like this." Then, when the results failed to live up to expectations, they'd blame the hairdresser. "The average man is a much more logical creature," says Michael. "Told a certain cut is wrong for him, he asks for reasons and, provided they are sound, accepts them."

But more than women, he blames women's hairdressers for the all-too-common unbecoming hair style. In order to keep one step ahead of their competitors they produce an eye-catching "style"—which suits the model for whom it was created but no one else. Or someone decrees that hair will be short this year and, before you can say "Snip," all but the strongest-minded women are sheared like poodles. Yet Beau Brummell's remark : "A man is well-groomed when he can walk down Bond Street and no one turns to look at him," applies equally to women. And the smart woman never follows fashion—she adapts it and modifies it to suit her personality and figure. It is just that, set down in a hairdressing salon, she is apt to mistrust her own judgment and become as clay in the hands of the assistant.

But Michael won't have it that there's anything mysterious about good grooming—he prefers that term to "hair styling." To him it's simply a matter of common sense and recognizing your own good and bad features—as ordinary as powdering your nose a darker shade than the rest of your face if it happens to be on the large side. It's not even a question of expense : his own charges are very little higher than those of the average "short back and sides" merchant. His clientèle from all over Europe, of business men, lawyers and diplomats as well as the stars whose jobs depend so much on their grooming, is a tribute to the success of his tactics.

END

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Talking Of Books (*Continued from page 53*)

Newly-married Mrs. Hassoldt Davis accompanied her husband, as photographer, on an exploration of French Guiana which took in the "Devil's Island" penal settlement and the Maroni River country of the Bonis, the bisexual Roucouyennes and other strange tribes. On Royale, where two warders still guarded a dozen remaining convicts, they were told of a warden's young wife, an exhibitionist and tease, who would sunbathe naked on a balcony,watched by convicts bathing in a pool, but never stripped for her husband, whom she detested. One of them escaped, entered the house, put her across his knee, and "spanked the daylights out of her." The husband, who eventually caught the escapee, spanked the daylights out of her, too, and after that they got on fine! Mr. Davis's **"The Jungle And The Damned"** (Harrap, 15s.) is a graphic travel book with vivid photographs.

Women who have (or want) pearls will, I think, find much to interest them in Norman Bartlett's **"The Pearl Seekers"** (Melrose, 16s.), for it tells the whole dramatic and technical story of the Australasian trade. As another writer, E. J. Banfield, put it: "women have wept for pearls and men have betrayed and murdered their fellows for them. In the last assize perhaps they will go down as petrified tears, beads of doom strung into ropes for the breasts of courtesans and queens, globules of desire, necklaces of death." Not a cheerful thought, my lady, but one borne out by this book.

I confess, as a reasonably fit man, that I'd never heard of Westminster healer F. Matthias Alexander until I read Louise Morgan's account of his cure-your-bad-habits technique: **"Inside Yourself"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). For nearly sixty years—he is eighty-five—doctors, specialists, have sent patients to him as a last resort, she states. He has rehabilitated some 15,000 sufferers from varied diseases, mainly by inculcating wiser control of our bodily and mental functions. It all sounds sensible enough.

Richard Llewellyn baffles me. Neither in London's East End nor America's West is he as triumphantly operative as in his native Wales of *How Green Was My Valley*, a novel of ringing genius. Why doesn't he go back to it? **"A Flame For Doubting Thomas"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is also a flame for Dylan, for he smashes words down in the style of "its juke box spewed an aria of corrupted adolescence that seemed to loll, viscously buoyant on a pulse of lush regret." His Californian showfolk talk a barbarous slang which is as congenial to me as a rusty barbed-wire fence. I have to squirm through it to get to the story of a quixotic history professor who saves a pier funfair from two gangsters who want to turn it into a gambling joint, with murder in shark and octopus tanks.

It was time we had a French novel of the Indo-China war. Jean Hougron's **"Blaze Of The Sun"** (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.), translated by Mervyn Savill, is the first of four he has done, and portrays with Gallic frankness the love of a French ex-doctor, now army truck-driver, for an officer's native wife—a girl from the Annam paddy fields who joins the Viet-Minh rebels, spies for them as dance-hall partner in Saigon, gets a taste for white lovers, marries the lieutenant, and finds in him "that need for an island of clarity and purity in her life" which the new lover disturbs. The psychological conflict in both is poignantly probed, the campaign vividly described.

Another French novel, which won the *Prix Femina*, is Dominique Rolin's **"The Pulse Of Life"** (Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.), translated by David Moore. It traces the interlinked lives and loves of an elderly widower's family, notably Valentin's, who gets caught up in the toils of a painter's daughter, on whose account he murders his eldest sister Laure, because she holds the purse-strings and dislikes the trollop.

Characters—some from his *So Brief A Spring*—make Walter Greenwood's **"What Everybody Wants"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), a story of Cornish fishing village Trelooe and the social cross-currents that eddy through it. The impetus city slums originally gave him he finds now in twisting byways by the sea and the wilful folk who erupt there.

Neil Bell's coast folk of **"Many Waters"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) live in the small Suffolk town of Senwich and range from butcher-Mayor and self-made George Moss and his divided family to rebel Bert, troublemaker. All are tested and cleansed, or drowned, by the tragic 1953 floods, surgingly described.

The Norfolk Broads are good enough for Don Sharp's villagers in the filmed **"Conflict Of Wings"** (Putnam, 10s. 6d.) and at no price will they tolerate the R.A.F. taking over a local bird sanctuary as firing range. Inevitably, one of the village girls loves one of the R.A.F. mechanics, which complicates the fight of the sturdy Hampdens.

A small Scottish town serves to bring out the admirable qualities of a young woman doctor in Mary Bethune's **"Doctor Dear"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), a witty, sympathetic, at times dramatic study of patients and other doctors in a canny community, which makes a likeable first novel.

Alice Acland's **"Templeford Park"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.) is the country estate of Sir Henry Aspen; the story, a battle of egos between him, proud, stubborn, and a lady of the Manor, haughty, possessive Mildred Charing, neighbours from childhood. How the locals react to this well-bred dogfight and its county comedy! As good as a film.

Also on this month's reading list:

"Alone In The Grass," by Conrad Phillips (Arthur Barker, 9s. 6d.) is the author's latest thriller novel.

A feast for those who like whodunits—**"Best American Detective Stories Of The Year 1953,"** edited by David C. Cooke (Boardman, 10s. 6d.)

"The Scarlet Frontier," by E. V. Timms (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.) is a novel of Australian adventure and romance,

"The Doctors," by André Soubiran (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), translated from the French *Les Hommes en Blanc*, has already had tremendous success on the Continent.

Philip Lindsay in **"An Artist In Love"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) tells of Thomas Lawrence's tragic love for Sally Siddons.

"The Disguises Of Love," by Robie Macauley (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) is a story of American college life, and of a love-affair seen by three different people.

Vic Oliver has at last written his autobiography in **"Mr. Showbusiness"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), and it makes entertaining reading from his first days in Vienna to his latest great successes.

In **"Enchanters Of Men,"** by Marjorie Coryn (Naldrett, 15s.) the author has chosen eight women who have left their mark upon history by their extraordinary powers of fascination and enchantment.

"In The Hills Of Breadalbane," by V. A. Firsoff (Robert Hale, 18s.) is a book for all those who love the Scottish hills.

Nina Epton vividly conveys "the lure of the East" in her book **"Islands Of The Sunbird"** (Jarrolds, 18s.), a colourful account of her travels in Indonesia.

"The Adventures Of John Wetherell" (Michael Joseph, 18s.) edited by C. S. Forester, the creator of Hornblower, is the diary of a British seaman who was impressed into the navy to fight the French at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

And finally, **"Landscape Painting,"** by R. O. Dunlop, R.A. (Seeley Service, 35s.) provides a practical guide to the art of landscape painting from an artist of wide experience and ability.

END

Re-Fashion Them With Paint

(*Continued on page 42*)

Programme. And a few well-spent pounds, or even shillings, would make many a guest room a more inviting place.

Some would-be treasure seekers falter at the start, dismayed by the disreputable appearance of many secondhand shops and the dilapidated state of their contents. But if what you're looking for had been standing there all clean and polished somebody else would have beaten you to it. It's only the alchemy of *your* imagination that turns it into treasure; to anyone else it's merely a rickety old chair or a pensioned-off chest.

Some types of damage are easily and cheaply repaired. A broken part like a leg or chair rail looks distressing but it can probably be repaired or even replaced entirely for a few shillings. Sagging springs and loose webbing make a pitiable object of many an upholstered piece; they are rarely incurable ills. And you will not be deterred by the mere surface damage that often looks most alarming of all: scratches, dents, sheer dirt or heat marks. For you'll almost certainly be painting over all that.

Woodworm is an unnecessary nightmare to most people. By all means examine pieces —especially underneath—for the tell-tale little holes but don't necessarily reject a piece because you find a few. They may even be "dead" but a good proprietary insecticide will deal firmly with any live worms (they're not worms at all really, but beetles). On the other hand, widespread attacks are difficult to deal with and the trouble involved is unwarranted except in the case of valuable antiques.

Whether you plan to rehabilitate a piece or to convert it into something quite different and more useful, the secret of successful bargain hunting is to look at things with an eye to what they might be rather than what they are. For unsightly handles can be replaced by modern crystal or porcelain ones; legs can be cut off and a coat of paint will banish yellow stain for ever. Breaking down a piece into its basic component parts will often help to suggest simple conversions.

Let us see from the illustrations how all this works out in practice. The decrepit yellow-stained desk was basically only two pedestals with drawers connected by a top. Only two saw-cuts were necessary to transform it into two bedside tables. Similarly two cuts straight through the centre of the turn-of-the-century circular table gave us two console tables each supported by two legs at the front and fixed to the wall with metal plates at the back. Even a discarded washstand with tiled back piece is not beyond reclamation as witness the painted writing or hall table with its hanging bookshelf—merely the original back turned the other way up and fixed, like the console tables, with flat metal plates. These, incidentally, cost only a few pence at any ironmongers.

The old chest of drawers whose counterpart is to be picked up in most secondhand shops for a pound or less was painted a deep mulberry shade—deep, glowing colours are often more effective than the insipid, sweet pea shades that convention decrees for painted furniture. The drawer fronts were panelled with pale blue wallpaper with an embossed fleur-de-lis in silver tying up with the crystal handles which replaced the old wooden knobs.

Salerooms and junk shops abound with Victorian upright chairs often with an open hoop back. The temptation is to pretend they're Regency and cover them with a formal stripe which tends to accentuate the clumsiness of the carved bits. We turned

ours into an amusing bit of nonsense to adorn a hall or bedroom by painting it white, re-covering it with an oddment of vivid yellow felt and trimming with a sparkling white bobble fringe.

Picture frames are less easy to come by for they are usually snapped up by artists but they are to be found and many an attic or box room must house an ornate frame like the one illustrated. To make the elegant divan headboard a piece of chintz was drawing-pinned to the wall over a pad of cotton wadding. The frame was fixed over this—again by means of metal plates—so that the wadded chintz bulged through with an authentic upholstered look.

A wall bracket of almost any kind is something that might almost be picked up in the certain knowledge that it will "come in" even if you haven't an immediate use for it. Some have little drawers and looking glasses inset in the back and make useful hall pieces or, where space is limited, hanging vanity tables. (The despised superstructure of some old-fashioned dressing tables makes a bracket of this kind without any alteration at all.) Other brackets can replace bedside tables and some justify themselves as sheer decoration.

Our examples by no means exhaust the possibilities, they are merely a starting point for your own individual treasure hunt.

END

Symphony In Your Living-room

(*Continued from page 55*)

the whole range of frequencies audible to the human ear, transmits a new experience in tone reproduction. Together, they allow the listener to enjoy in all its intensity the sensuous pleasure, the drama and the loving kindness of great music. The mighty groundswell of an orchestral climax, the *pianissimo* solo passage, the variegated timbres of strings, woodwind and brass or of the human voice are all there. Not as a blurred mass of undifferentiated noises, but as startlingly alive in your sitting-room as in the concert hall.

The drawback of L.P. records is that they cannot be played on older gramophones; they require a special attachment to existing electric radiograms, which are available from about ten pounds up. Nearly all modern radiogramophones at present on the market are provided with two, sometimes with three-speed devices and with the very light pick-ups necessary to achieve best results.

The very latest in high-fidelity reproduction are the specially designed instruments such as the Pam record reproducer and Pye's Black Box. These are self-contained record players, housing motor, pick-up, amplifier and loudspeaker (two in the Pye instrument) in specially designed cabinets, and can all be heard in London at Imhof's showrooms.

The L.P. repertory now comprises thousands of complete recordings of operas, oratorios, symphonies, concertos. song-cycles and even spoken plays. Every month, hundreds of new releases are being added to the list.

The Swiss conductor Ernest Ansermet and his Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, not previously considered to be in the very top flight, have recorded a notable series of "smash hits." Their wonderfully like-like and dramatic presentation of Stravinsky's early works, especially of the ballets, made recording history. They have also given us perfect renderings of Ravel's airy-fairy *Mother Goose Suite* and of Debussy's musical seascape *La Mer*.

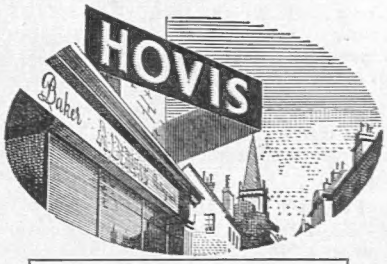
Wagner's *Mastersingers*, perhaps the greatest comedy opera ever written, has been recorded twice on L.P.s, and the lighter music of operetta has been particularly well served. *Die Fledermaus* has become one of the highlights of recording in the version made by the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Clemens Krauss. An all-star cast gives Lehar's *The Merry Widow* with its exquisite melodies and irrepressible gaiety, almost the status of a major opera.

END

"Look - I'm 12 stone 10!"

SIMON really is getting a big boy—mother sees to that—and there's no need for father to tip the scales in his favour.

As every mother knows, a lively, high-spirited family isn't just an accident. They need care and thought, and above all plenty of good nourishing food. That's why mother makes sure they have wheatgerm bread every day. And since Hovis tastes so good, it makes her job a pleasure as well as a pride.



A TASTY TOAST TIP: Before you toast Hovis (which makes the nicest toast you ever tasted) cut off the crusts, it makes all the difference. Don't know why. It just does.

I love

APRY

the liqueur of the ***Apricot***

Made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-liqueur of the mint!

Knit This For Your Teenager (*Continued from page 57*)

THE JEANS (continued)

row 3 times, and 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row 8 times. 107, (113, 119) sts.

Now keeping outside edge straight, continue to inc. at inside leg edge on every 4th row until there are 110 (116, 122) sts., and then on every 3rd row until there are 120 (126, 132) sts.

Work 5 rows, ending with a p. row.

Shape Centre-back. 1st row.—Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts., k. to end. **2nd row.**—P.

3rd row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. to end.

4th row.—P.

Now still keeping outside edge straight, dec. 1 st. on every row at centre-back edge until there are 95 (100, 105) sts. left, 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 88 (92, 96) sts. left, 1 st. on every 4th row until there are 78 (82, 86) sts. left, and then 1 st. on every 6th row until there are 75 (79, 83) sts. left. Work 5 rows.

Commence Waist Dart. 1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 31 (33, 35), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end. Work 5 rows.

7th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 29 (31, 33), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

13th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 27 (29, 31), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

19th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 25 (27, 29), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

25th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 23 (25, 27), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

31st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 21 (23, 25), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

32nd row.—P.

Shape Top. 1st row.—K. to the last 9 (10, 11) sts., turn.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, p. to end.

3rd row.—K. to the last 18 (20, 22) sts., turn. **4th row.**—As 2nd.

5th row.—K. 2 tog., k. to the last 27 (30, 33) sts., turn. **6th row.**—As 2nd.

7th row.—K. 20 sts., turn.

8th row.—As 2nd.

9th row.—K. 10 sts., turn.

10th row.—As 2nd.

Leave sts. on stitch-holder.

RIGHT BACK

Work as for left back, reversing all shapings.

THE FRONT WAISTBAND

Slip the 2 sets of sts. from each side of front on to a No. 13 needle.

Work 1½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Cast off loosely in rib.

Work back waistband the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with warm iron and damp cloth. Using a narrow backstitch, sew centre seams on front and back. Sew inside leg seams, overstitching ribbing and backstitching remainder. Sew side seams, overstitching ribbing and backstitching remainder. Press seams. Fold jeans, matching all leg seams and press well.

Starting at commencement of st.st. at bottom, on front of right leg, work 1 row of double crochet along crease, inserting the crochet hook sideways through each alternate stitch. Work the 3 remaining creases in the same way, commencing at bottom on left back, and at waist on the left front and right back.

Thread darning needle with elastic thread and weave round waist on the wrong side at the commencement of ribbing. Repeat 6 times at ¼-in. intervals. Fasten ends securely.

END

THE SUNTOP (continued)

Continue as follows: Cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows 4 (5, 6) sts. twice.

Work 1 row.

Dec. 1 st. at arm edge on the next row, and then every following row until there are 73 (75, 77) sts. left, and then 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 65 (67, 69) sts. left. Work 11 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at arm edge on the next row, and then every following row until there are 44 (46, 48) sts. left, and then 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 37 sts. left.

Work 1 row.

Commence Collar.—Continuing to dec. 1 st. on every alternate row at arm edge, inc. 1 st. at front edge on the next row, and then every following row, working the new sts. in rib, until there are 45 sts. in rib. Now decreasing 1 st. on every 4th row at arm edge, continue to inc. 1 st. on every row at front edge until there are 56 sts. in rib. Still decreasing on every 4th row at arm edge, dec. 1 st. on every row at front edge until there are 27 sts. left.

All the sts. should now be in rib.

Now keeping arm edge straight, continue to dec. 1 st. on every row at front edge until there are 8 sts. left. Cast off.

Rejoin wool to the remaining sts. at centre-front.

Next row.—(K. 1, p. 1) 4 times, k. to end.

Now follow instructions for first side from ** to end, reversing all shapings.

THE BORDER

With No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts.

Work 42 (44, 46) ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Cast off.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 112 (120, 128) sts.

Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Continue in st.st.

Work 1¾ ins., ending with a p. row.

Shape Back. Next row.—K. 55 (59, 63) sts., cast off 2, k. to end.

Finish each side separately.

Keeping side edge straight, dec. 1 st. on every row at back edge until all sts. are eliminated.

Rejoin wool to other side at centre-back and complete to match first side.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side seams with narrow back st., but overstitching welt ribbing. Join the 2 sets of 8 sts. on either side of front for back of neck.

Make a dart at each armhole at the point formed by shaping, 1¼ ins. deep and 3 ins. long. Sew border round armholes and across back, with ends overlapping at centre-back. Press seams.

Thread shoelace through knitting at front opening as illustration and tie in a bow.

END

THE BOLERO (continued)

the commencement of the armhole shaping, ending with a p. row.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off at the beg. of next and following rows, 8 (9, 10) sts. twice, 4 (5, 6) sts. twice, 2 sts. 4 times, and 1 st. 8 times. Work without further shaping until armholes measure the same as those of fronts, ending with a p. row.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off at the beg. of next and following rows 7 sts. 4, (6, 8) times, and 6 sts. 8 (6, 4) times.

Cast off the remaining 46 (48, 50) sts. for back of neck.

THE FRONT BORDER

With No. 12 needles cast on 2 sts.

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Work 1 row.

Inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the next row, and then inc. 1 st. at this same edge on every row until there are 10 sts.

Work 34 (35, 36) ins. straight.

Now dec. 1 st. on every row at same edge as increases until there are 2 sts. left.

Fasten off.

THE BOTTOM BORDER

Work as for front border but working 30 (32, 34) ins. straight.

THE ARMHOLE BORDERS (make 2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts.

Work 17 (17½, 18) ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Cast off.

THE POCKETS (make 2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 40 sts.

Work in st.st. Work 10 rows. Now work the 30 rows of motif from chart. Work 8 rows.

P. the next row on the right side to mark hemline. Work 7 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with warm iron and damp cloth. Embroider mouth and teeth on motif with black wool as chart. Using a narrow backstitch, sew side and shoulder seams. Sew on borders, overstitching mitred edges. Fold pocket facings on to wrong side at the hemline and slip stitch. Sew pockets to fronts. Press seams.

END

Food In June (*Continued from page 60*)

of honey for each half grapefruit. Add a little ice and a few drops of almond essence. Mix well, fill each half-shell and serve.

CASSEROLE OF FISH

4 cod steaks (1 lb. fish); ½ pint shrimps; ¾ pint milk; 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; anchovy essence

Remove bones from fish, place in buttered casserole. Make a white sauce with margarine, flour and milk, add anchovy essence to taste. Peel shrimps, place in casserole and pour sauce over. Bake in moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Serve garnished with watercress.

In case you don't know how to make *Baked Fruit Crumble*, you proceed as for any fruit pie, putting the fruit in the pie dish and rubbing fat into flour as for short pastry. But instead of mixing the dough with water, add a little sugar and spread the mixture dry over the fruit and bake as for a fruit pie.

VEAL CAKE

¾ lb. lean veal; 2 hard-boiled eggs; 4 oz. bacon; grated lemon rind; pepper and salt; parsley; 1 oz. gelatine; stock.

I find a good knuckle of veal supplies both the stock and the meat. Cut the meat from the bones, and put the bones to boil with a covering of cold water, 1 onion, 1 carrot, and seasoning. Cut the veal and the bacon into small pieces. Mix the pepper, salt and lemon rind. Now put a layer of sliced egg at the bottom of a plain, round mould or tin. Cover with a layer of meat, a sprinkle of parsley and the mixed seasoning. Follow with alternating layers of meat, egg and seasoning. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot stock, pour over the meat just enough to cover it. Put a sheet of greased paper on top and cook in a cool oven for 2 hours. If the stock has evaporated on removing the dish from the oven, fill up at once with more stock. Place a plate on top, with a weight on it. Turn out when cold and garnish with parsley. A few hours in the refrigerator makes it very easy to slice.

HONEYED APPLES

One apple per person; 1 dessertspoon of honey per person. Use a glass or china casserole. Wipe each apple with a damp cloth, core, but do not peel. Make an incision round each apple with the point of a knife. Put into the casserole, with 1 dessertspoonful of honey in the centre of each. Bake slowly till the skin cracks, basting with the honey once or twice during the cooking. Serve hot or cold, with a macaroon apiece. Or put each apple on to a slice of gingerbread.

END

1.6.54

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